The Nation.

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The Week.

It would be a mistake to suppose that if Mr. Van Alen should be confirmed, the manner of his selection would drop from the public memory as "an old, unhappy, far-off thing." We trust that neither the President nor Mr. Van Alen will deceive himself on this point. If Mr. Van Alen should get the place and keep it, the scandal would be a continuing one, like Wanamaker's presence in the Cabinet. All the President's enemies would ring changes on it in the press every time there came a telegram about Mr. Van Alen's doings in Rome or any question of venality came up, and, as Mr. Cleveland well knows, his enemies are not all in the Republican party. The bitterest are among those whom he has of late been trying to conciliate by his use of patronage, and all the patronage in his gift will not keep them from stabbing him under the fifth rib whenever they get a chance. They are all chuckling to-day over the Van Alen blunder. It disposes, they say, of one more "reformer." The worst of it is, too, that it has not been committed hastily, but after months of discussion and reflection, and after the receipt of numerous protests from some of the President's most faithful friends, and it has been defended by arguments and explanations which Mr. Cleveland in his earlier and better hours would have been the first to tear to shreds and tatters. "No 'bargain,'" he would have cried; "only an expression of 'wishes' and gratification of the same after the event! Do you take me for a Tombs lawyer?"

The argument of all arguments which did best service in expelling the Republicans from power last year, and of which Mr. Cleveland himself made most effective use, particularly in his speech at the Lenox Lyceum on November 1, 1892, was the danger and horror of letting them go on giving legislation to manufacturers in return for campaign contributions. That argument was vigorously applied to Wanamaker's case. That very night Mr. Breckinridge thanked a man in the crowd for mentioning Wanamaker as an illustration of power acquired through "boodle." It is applicable to all appointments to office where the candidate's only claim is the pecuniary aid given to the appointing officer's election. There is no rational distinction between a Congressman's voting for an increase of duties for the benefit of a man who has lent or given him money for his election expenses, and a President's giving him an office, high or low, for a similar reason. The trail of the serpent is over all. It is part of the immense wave of venality which to-day is threatening the very existence of the Government, and which no one has denounced more vigorously than Mr. Cleveland himself. Mr. Van Alen, on his part, cannot comfortably go to Italy to consort with foreign diplomatists in what they will consider a purchased place, through a transaction which in England, France, Germany, Austria, or even Italy would ruin everybody concerned in it. That kind of notoriety would necessarily be disagreeable to him. If he consults his own fair fame and Mr. Cleveland's peace, he will ask the President to withdraw his name. The matter will then be forgotten in a month. His confirmation will, on the contrary, make him for four long years what Quay and Wanamaker were to President Harrison, a stock newspaper illustration of the hollowness of Mr. Cleveland's pretensions to political purity. A foreign mission is a nice thing for a rich man, if he knows how to fill it, but it may be too dearly bought, even by a millionaire.

Those who, on the President's behalf, take comfort in the fact that Mr. Van Alen is a person who would fill the Italian mission creditably if appointed, in spite of his large contribution to the campaign fund, would be better off if a regard for fitness had marked the selections for the other diplomatic and consular places. But we cannot say that this has been the case. We have no good reason for believing that Mr. Van Alen would have been selected for Rome even if he had not given $50,000. The quality of the diplomatic appointments thus far has not been higher, on the average, than under previous administrations. Care has been taken, as usual, with one or two important posts, like London and Paris, but the others have been flung to the spoilsmen with the old time-honored disregard of the national reputation and the national interests. Mr. Quincy has been allowed a debauch among the consulships which would have sickened a Blaineite, and which has sent him home to Boston with a wet towel round his head. He has sent out to look after our trade in the uttermost ends of the earth the usual quota of broken-down men and ignorant editors, who will, of course, if, partly through the discredit of them, the Democrats should lose the next election, be remorselessly cast adrift at their posts, and many of them will have to "beat" their way home, to our further disgrace. For one of the shocking features of our system is that these poor creatures very often, after being "decapitated," are left penniless at their posts, and have literally to beg their way back to the United States by means of contributions from the American residents and American legations in the capitals on their way. This treatment is good enough for most of them personally, but it is not good enough for the servants of a great, civilized, rich Government like ours. We are sending our new cruisers abroad in order to raise the national reputation in the eyes of foreigners, to show how ingenious, skilful, and powerful we are, and this the sight of such ships in the new navy is well calculated to do. But for the one foreigner who sees an American ship like the *Chicago*, and is impressed by it, ten thousand are taught to despise us by their knowledge of the ignorant and often disreputable officials who represent us on shore. If the result of the present system could be brought home to the American people generally as it is to the few thousands who visit Europe every year, we do not believe any Administration would hereafter dare to maintain the present use of the diplomatic service to reward home "workers."

The platforms of two Democratic Conventions, those of Massachusetts and Maryland, which were held last week, make sufficiently explicit declarations on the silver-repeal question. The former heartily supports the President and Secretary Carlisle in "their firm attitude in favor of the immediate and unconditional repeal of the purchase clause of the Sherman Law," congratulates the House upon its "speedy and emphatic response to the President's message," and calls upon the Senate "to follow the action of the House without undue delay or obstruction of the popular will." The Maryland Convention sustains the President "in his earnest purpose to secure the repeal of the objectionable provisions." Every Democratic convention held thus far has taken an equally emphatic position, but that fact will not help the party any in the approaching elections unless the Senate shall pass the Repeal Bill without much more delay. What the country demands is not professions of faith, but action, and if the Democratic majority in the Senate cannot secure that, the party will be held responsible, in the President's words, for "plunging the country into deeper depression." There will be no escaping the consequences of this responsibility.

A handful of Philadelphia manufacturers have signed Mr. Wharton Barker's appeal to the Senate to give the silvermen all they want, with a good-sized present thrown in, on the understanding that the said manufacturers, in their turn, be given all they want, with such bonuses as they may designate. This is the surest way imaginable to make both protection and silver purchases odious at one stroke.

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It comes very pat on the morrow of the declaration of the Democratic State Convention of Massachusetts, that the Sherman Law was only a roundabout way of extending protection to silver, and that it is but part and parcel of the whole pestilent scheme of legislating for the benefit of private interests. Right here is the real secret of the uneasiness of the thick-and-thin protectionists over the repeal of the Sherman Law. If that piece of protection can be stricken down by Republican votes, why may not others? It is this inquiry, which they have been solemnly putting to themselves, that has led to all their sly intriguing and feeling after a grand political "deal" on the question of repeal. Innocent Mr. Barker comes right out into the daylight with his petition to the Senate, frankly admitting that the silver-producers have as good a right to their protection as he has to his, and proposing to give it to them with a generous hand.

Senator Cameron knows his State—at least, he knows his party in his State, and the machine-men who bestride it. There was a Republican State Convention in Pennsylvania a few days ago, and it called upon the Pennsylvania Senators to vote for the repeal of the Sherman Law. On Monday week Senator Cameron made a speech against repeal. For this he was immediately denounced by the leading Republican papers of his State, who asserted that he was misrepresenting his party and betraying the business interests of his constituents. But two days later there was a tremendous convention at Reading of the State League of Republican Clubs, where there was great enthusiasm in denouncing the Democrats and all their works, a fresh pledging of loyalty and devotion to a high tariff and the Force Bill, and congratulation all round that "once again the Republicans in Congress have saved the day for honest money." One innocent-minded delegate thought that this last plank would look better if it had some reference to the share Don Cameron had taken in saving the day, and he accordingly introduced an amendment rebuking the Senator for his course. This was voted down in the Committee on Resolutions by 17 to 8. The Republican clubs know on which side their bread is buttered. Why should they heed the chief Republican papers of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh any more than Senator Cameron does? They know, as he knows, that a good loud cry of "Free Trade" will drive them into line whenever their support is wanted. The contempt which Cameron feels for the opinion of his State is justified by the way its Republican clubs and all other aspiring politicians kneel to him.

Senator Gorman's reply to Senator Wolcott on Wednesday week related to one of the branches or offshoots of the Silver-Repeal Bill. It was quite as effective, however, as if it had been on the direct question. The question before the Senate was the resolution of Senator Dubois of Idaho to postpone the silver repeal until January so that the vacancies in the Senate from Montana, Washington, and Wyoming might be filled. Such postponement would be an act of imbecility more glaring, if possible, than that which the Senate is guilty of from day to day. Suppose that Montana, Washington, and Wyoming should never fill those vacancies. If the Senate should stop business in order to accommodate their leisure in electing Senators, they might conceive that the easiest way to defeat the Repeal Bill would be never to fill those vacancies at all. Then, by the same rule, any State that wanted to defeat legislation could do so by the easy expedient of not electing Senators. Evidently, the resolution of postponement offered by Mr. Dubois was not intended seriously, but was one of the numerous contrivances devised by the silverites for the purpose of occupying time and postponing a vote. It was accordingly as good a text for Mr. Gorman to hang a lecture on as any other.

He applied the lash to the obstructors with such vigor and effect that they visibly winced under it, and Mr. Aldrich, when his turn came, did the same good service. The latter spoke a true word, and one which will find an echo everywhere, when he said that he "intended to coöperate with the Senator from Maryland, or with any other Senator, in saving the American Senate, if possible, from further humiliation in the eyes of the American people. The question (he continued) whether the Senate should be permitted to legislate to carry out its constitutional functions was a question above party and above party consideration. If, at the dictation of a minority, legislation was to cease, it was high time that patriotic Senators on both sides should confer as to some method by which the Government should be preserved and carried out." Those were words which the country has longed to hear from somebody in the Senate Chamber these many weeks.

The metropolitan press is a great bugbear just now to silver Senators whose local press is also against them in the present controversy. Senator Morgan went into a kind of male hysterics on the subject last week. The New York newspapers, according to his view, were trying to browbeat the Senate of the United States and to coerce it to pass a bill which the people did not want, etc., etc. Mr. Morgan's frenzy was all "put on." He knows that the press of his own party in his own State is against him on this question. He thinks he can manage it, however, when the time comes for choosing a successor to himself. So he seeks to conciliate the Alabama Populists. Between the two he will probably fall into the ditch. The metropolitan press represents the country in the present fight, as the vote in the House clearly proves. Why does not Mr. Morgan fall into a fit while contemplating the 130 majority for repeal in the House of Representatives?

Senator Morgan must be very stupid not to see that his denunciations of a "hireling press" are really denunciations of public opinion. Granting all that he says about the mercenary character of the men who edit newspapers, the very fact that so overwhelming a majority of them are for repeal proves that an overwhelming majority of the people are also for repeal. The more mercenary the editor is, the more heed will he give to the wishes of his subscribers and advertisers. He would not for a moment advocate a policy distasteful to any man from whom he can get his penny a line. If the fact were, as Senator Morgan would have it understood, that the people were bent on free silver, but that the editors were determined on striking it down, then the unhappy men who write for the press would indeed be speedily reduced to the Senator's rhetorical "crust and a dried herring." But the truth is, that the newspapers give only feeble utterance to the intense disgust of the people with the Senate, and their strong desire for a speedy repeal of the Sherman Law. Far from displeasing their readers by advocating repeal, editors are not half vigorous enough on the subject to suit them, as is shown by the fact that the expressions heard in private, and found in letters to the newspapers, are far more violent than those which find a place in the editorial columns. The Alabama Senator should quit beating about the bush, and frankly say it is the popular wish which he despises and means to defeat if he possibly can. His heroics about the "hireling press" really mean that and nothing else.

Senator Hill is as jubilant over his success in packing a State Convention for Maynard as he was in February of last year when he packed the one which sent a solid Hill delegation to the National Democratic Convention. He had a very poor opinion of the anti-Machine Democrats at that time, remarking of them: "They have the mass-meetings and the brass bands, but I've got the delegates." He had a more harmonious convention last year than he is likely to have at Saratoga to-day, but the outcome did not justify his sanguine hopes at the time he assembled his men. He discovered after the Convention that there was a public opinion which was far more powerful than his Machine, and if he were capable of seeing anything in politics except organization, he would perceive that the same public opinion is threatening to upset his plans again. He may succeed, and probably will suc-

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ceed, in rejecting all opposing elements from his Convention, and may thus be able to accomplish his purpose of nominating Maynard by acclamation, but the nomination of a criminal even by acclamation does not make the task of electing him any less arduous.

Mayor Gilroy has a second article in the *North American Review* on "The Wealth of New York," though he is not in any proper sense an authority on the wealth of New York, as he is neither an economist nor statistician, nor a particularly well-instructed man in any field. Moreover, he has an obvious interest in making the wealth of New York seem as large as possible, in order to keep down public indignation over the number of loafers and scamps who, through the instrumentality of Mr. Gilroy and his friends, are to live off it. We wish sincerely the editor of the *North American Review*, when he gets public officials to write his pages, would limit them to the subjects on which they are real authorities, and on which the public, therefore, would listen to them with real interest. For example, nothing is of more importance to the moral and material future of this city to-day than an exact knowledge of the source and amount of the wealth of the leading members of the Tammany Ring. There is a general belief, founded on their style of living, that they are growing rapidly rich on small salaries. Is this true? If true, what are the sources of their wealth? What does their revenue outside their salaries amount to in the course of the year, and who pays it? We venture to say that a frank and truthful article on this subject from Mr. Gilroy or from Mr. Croker would be one of the most important contributions made to the literature of municipal government within the last fifty years. It would be well worth (say) $500 to the *North American Review*, and would be eagerly read all over the civilized world, whereas Gilroy on the wealth of New York will be read by very few even in this city. Think, for example, of the flood of light which would be thrown on some of the most serious problems of our municipal system by a candid explanation by Mr. Gilroy of the reason why Tom Brennan has to be supported out of the wealth of New York, or of the exact nature of the lien on that wealth held by Scannell, the murderer. If Mr. Gilroy were to write a volume on these topics, he would leap into a fame that would, for a while at least, pale that of Adam Smith or Ricardo.

The full text of Judge Ross's decision in what is known as "the Highbinder case" has reached us and is interesting reading. The United States seeks from the court authority to deport under the Geary Act a certain Chinaman, whose name does not appear in the opinion except as "the defendant" and a "Highbinder." The Highbinder, whom, for convenience' sake, we shall call Ah Sing, is a Chinese professional gambler, carrying on business in the city of San Francisco. He also, to use the Judge's language, "belongs to the criminal class commonly called 'Highbinders,' whose avocation is understood to be the commission of any and every species of crime." The question before the Court was whether Ah Sing, as thus described, was a Chinese "laborer," as that term is used in the treaty and in the Geary Act, or belonged to the exempted class of teachers, students, merchants, and travellers from curiosity. Judge Ross decides that he is in law a "laborer," and gets his rule of interpretation from the negotiations with China for a modification of the Treaty in 1880. The refusal of our State Department to agree to any precise definition of the term "laborer," as proposed by the Chinese, indicated, he thinks, 'a desire to keep it wide open for the accommodation of gamblers and "Highbinders." Consequently, Ah Sing is caught and must go home to the central Flowery Land. We are bound to say we think his case a hard one and the decision an insult to Labor and to New York city. The idea that a gambler is a "laborer" has certainly never before occurred to any lawyer or philologist in this part of the world, nor do we here consider a "Highbinder" a proper subject for expulsion from the country. On the contrary, his claims to high municipal office here receive at least respectful consideration, and sometimes secure his elevation to the criminal bench. For we say, "What is the business of a criminal judge? Is it not to deal with criminals? And who is so fit to deal with criminals as a Highbinder whose avocation has been 'the commission of any and every species of crime,' and can follow all the intricate windings of the highbinding heart and brain?"

Mr. Gladstone has undoubtedly furnished "the keynote of the campaign" to the Liberals by his attack on the House of Lords at Edinburgh last week. In fact, a greater piece of luck for the Radicals than the defeat of the bill by a great muster of Peers could hardly have been imagined. It at once enables the Liberal orators, like Mr. Gladstone, to establish a resemblance in fame and in value between the Home Rule Bill and several of the great historic measures, such as the Reform Bill, the removal of the paper duties, and the disestablishment of the Irish Church, to which the Peers have opposed an equally fierce resistance. Moreover, by making the resistance of the Lords a campaign issue, he closes the mouths of a good many Unionists like Mr. Chamberlain, whose denunciation of the House of Lords in their Radical days, as enemies of all progress, was fierce and bitter. In fact, the Liberals are now heading their campaign leaflets with some of "Joseph's" choicest vituperation of the Peers. Mr. Gladstone's suggestion, too, that if the House of Commons should go to the country on the Home-Rule Bill, the Peers should go too, and if defeated do what the House of Commons would have to do—clear out—is in the wicked old man's happiest vein. It is strokes like this which maintain his hold on the masses, and make him the most formidable parliamentary antagonist who has appeared in England since Pitt.

There was an interesting debate in the House of Commons on the 21st of September on the subject of silver demonetization in India. Mr. G. Russell, in behalf of the India Office, said that the fixing of a rate (16d.) at which gold would be accepted at the mint in exchange for rupees, and at which gold would be received for taxes, was not intended to work in the inverse way. That is, it was not intended to say that gold would be given for rupees at the rate of 16d. per rupee, or that the rate of exchange on Calcutta would be held at 16d. Therefore it was a mistake to assume that the Government's plan had failed because exchange had fallen to 15¼d. On the contrary, the closing of the Indian mints to silver was an unalterable fact. It had already resulted in great benefits to India. The measure had not been forced upon India, but had been acquiesced in by the Imperial Government after the most careful investigation by a commission composed of bimetallists as well as monometallists. Mr. Goschen took part in the debate. As he represents the Conservative party on its financial side, and is a sort of half-silver man, his remarks are entitled to great weight. He said that in matters of legislation for India the interests of the Indian taxpayer solely were considered. He knew this to be a fact from long familiarity with Indian legislation. The present case was no exception to the rule. He considered that if anybody had a right to object to the general policy of Indian legislation, it was the British taxpayer, who paid the whole or nearly the whole amount of the naval charge for defending the coast of India, which amounted to millions every year. In regard to the demonetization of silver by India he (Mr. Goschen) had been blamed for not expressing an opinion on the subject earlier. He had not done so because he appreciated the difficulties of the situation, because he knew that the persons in charge of it were doing the best they could, and because he had no alternative scheme to put forward. The Government was under no obligation to keep the rate of exchange steady at 16d. or at any other rate. If it was in need of money, it would be obliged to sell council bills at whatever rate they would bring, and no blame could be attached to such action.

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DEMOCRATIC RESPONSIBILITY.

THE President's letter to Gov. Northen of Georgia was admirably calculated to increase the pressure of public opinion upon the Senate. He puts the case so clearly that the average man, even though he have little knowledge of economic laws and principles, cannot fail to comprehend it. He is in favor of a sound-money standard because it gives every American laborer and farmer a true dollar for a dollar's worth of labor or produce, because it establishes our credit among the nations of the earth, and enables us to borrow their capital, and because it will induce those in our own country who have capital to invest to put it into new enterprises rather than to hoard it. In a few words he thus states the folly of our present financial laws, as it was demonstrated in the recent depression, and places the responsibility for the continued existence of those laws upon the Senate, whose failure to act upon repeal he declares astonishes him. He takes particular pains to say that he is as inflexibly opposed to compromise now as he ever has been, and that nothing whatever can be done in the way of readjusting our currency legislation until "after the repeal of the law which is charged with all our financial woes."

The November elections of this year are to be held four weeks from next Tuesday, and if the Democratic party hopes to escape defeat in any of those which are to be held in the Northern States, it must prod its majority in the Senate into immediate action upon the Silver Repeal Bill. It seems inexplicable that the Democrats in the Senate are unable to perceive the political consequences of their present course. President Cleveland, in his letter to Gov. Northen, gives them warning of the risk they are running by saying: "My daily prayer is, that the delay occasioned by such opposition may not be the cause of plunging the country into deeper depression than it has yet known, and that the Democratic party may not be justly held responsible for such a catastrophe." That there will be, unless the Senate acts, a "deeper depression" in financial and commercial affairs, and that the Democratic party will be "justly held responsible for such a catastrophe," no intelligent person can doubt. The Democrats have a majority of five in the Senate, and they will be held responsible by the country if they are unable to save it from the evil consequences of the Silver Law.

It will not help them with the country to say that the chief obstructionists are Republican Senators from the silver States. The people will look only at the fact that the Democrats are in complete control of all branches of the Government, having the Presidency and a majority in both houses of Congress, and they will say that if this is the best kind of rule the Democratic party can give them, they will see what they can get out of the Republican party. Popular reasoning, in times of panic or depression in business, does not go much below the surface. The party in power is always selected as the first victim, and in this instance it will be rightly selected. The Democrats are responsible for the delay. They are responsible for the weak, vacillating, and half-hearted course which their leaders are pursuing in the Senate. Of course the struggle is a difficult one, and the obstacles in the way of success are great, but the party which shows itself capable of action under difficulties, and able to surmount great obstacles, is the party which shows itself worthy of power.

It is notorious that the weakness of the majority lies in certain Southern Senators who, for the sake of "making themselves solid" with the Populist party in their States, are opposing repeal. These men are indifferent to the welfare of their party, provided they can make their own reëlection sure. They reason that, since there is not to be another Presidential election for three years, they can afford to let the Republicans get the upper hand in a few Northern elections provided that by so doing they can save their local or State party interests. They do not seem to be able to comprehend that, if by their course they convince the country that the Democratic party is incapable of giving it safe and stable government, it will be impossible to elect another Democratic President or another Democratic Congress for many years. They are the blindest kind of Bourbons, as well as the most unpatriotic of men. They know well enough that if the Populist views they are conciliating were to be put into practice in either State or national affairs, the result would be irreparable confusion and disaster; but instead of standing up like honest men and true leaders and showing their constituents the folly and harm of the Populist doctrines, they fall in with them and do their utmost to perpetuate them. They are not merely bad party men; they are enemies of the whole country and of the welfare of all the people.

The supreme folly of their course lies in the fact that repeal must come in the end. No other outcome is possible. Compromise is out of the question. If it were to be agreed upon by the Senate, it would be rejected by the House; and even if the House were to accept it, the President would veto it. In the meantime where would the country be? Unquestionably, in the throes of the worst panic in its history.

THE VAN ALEN CASE.

THE charge that Mr. Van Alen of Rhode Island received the nomination for the Italian mission in return for a contribution of $50,000 to the Democratic campaign fund last fall has been current for some months. It was, we believe, first set afloat early in the winter, owing to the positive announcement of Mr. Van Alen and his friends that he was to have the mission. The uncharitable then promptly came forward and said that he was to have it in virtue of a "bargain" with Mr. W. C. Whitney. This bargain Mr. Van Alen vigorously denied from the beginning, while admitting the large contribution. But several friends of the Administration protested privately to the President against the nomination before it was made, on the ground that, whether there was a bargain or not, the bestowal of a great place on a man who had made an extraordinarily large contribution in aid of his election (a sum which would be a fortune to the vast majority of American citizens) would inevitably be considered by the public a *quid pro quo*—that is, an appointment to office for a pecuniary consideration.

It must not be forgotten that while it is important in a republic that justice and offices should not be sold, it is even more important that the people should not have any reason for believing that they are sold. On this principle Mr. Cleveland, we think, acted in his first term. He disappointed the expectations of several gentlemen who had made large donations in money to his campaign chest, and thus incurred their enmity, but, although the appointments would have been fit, his best friends and admirers warmly approved of his course. One of the strongest of his claims on public confidence and respect, in fact, in 1888, when he came up for reëlection, was his freedom from the alliances with and obligations to rich men which have proved the bane of the Republican party, and finally largely contributed to its overthrow.

Mr. Whitney, whose name has been mixed up in the affair a good deal, comes out at last in a long letter, and denies the "bargain," and alleges that when Mr Van Alen gave his money, there was no conversation between them as to his having the mission to Italy or any other office; that Mr. Van Alen never mentioned the subject to him, and that he had made no contracts for office during the canvass, and had never called on Mr. Cleveland to fulfil any campaign contract, and had assured Mr. Cleveland that he was under no obligation to him to appoint Mr. Van Alen or any one else. He also publishes a letter from Mr. Van Alen, dated May 11, which denies that he had "ever stated that he was to have a diplomatic position in exchange for money subscribed by him for political purposes." The most important part of the letter, however, is this:

> "There was absolutely no understanding between myself and any one that I should have any office under the Government. What was said on the subject was said after the election in November last, and was merely an expression of a wish on my part and a promise of assistance in carrying out my wishes."

This is worth all the other documents in the case, and is in fact the only one of any importance. Mr. Van Alen here admits by implication the large money subscription. About the exact amount there

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is a curious reticence on all sides. Mr. Whitney "does not feel at liberty to state it," but why not state it if it was an instance of very patriotic, generous, and cordial support of the party in the late campaign? What is there to conceal about it if the making of it was a creditable thing to Mr. Van Alen? Although it is wise and right for a rich man to contribute largely to the party funds, there seems to be some mysterious impropriety in letting the party know how much he gave. Mr. Van Alen also admits that after the election, won in part at least, according to Mr. Whitney, by Mr. Van Alen's timely pecuniary aid, he "expressed a wish on his part," presumably to Mr. Whitney, for something not named, but presumably the Italian mission; and he got, presumably from Mr. Whitney, "a promise of assistance in carrying out his wishes." This promise was probably carried out by Mr. Whitney's letter of June 20 to the President warmly commending him for the place, for various reasons, prominent among them "his patriotic, generous, and cordial support in the canvass, when friends were few and calls were great." There can be no question as to what this means.

The real issue in this matter has been clouded by the charge that there was a formal "bargain" between Mr. Whitney and Mr. Van Alen. There evidently was nothing of the kind. Had there been, it would have been the first of its kind. Such bargains are never made. Mr. Van Alen gave a large sum of money, and, when the election was over, he mentioned something he would like to have, and got a promise of assistance in getting it. Here is the transaction as described by himself and by Mr. Whitney. Some confusion has also been created by personal attacks on Mr. Van Alen of a very gross character. They have been disgraceful. He is a gentleman, and a man of more accomplishments and greater fitness for the place than, we venture to say, any of his predecessors since Mr. Marsh. But he has one fatal disqualification, and that is the contribution of a large sum to aid in the election of the appointing officer. No explanations, or denials, or feats of interpretation will get over this. *The last man in the country to whom the President of the United States should give a great office, is the man who has given most money towards electing him.* The bestowal of offices on persons who support the party with great sums of money may, in some cases, be innocent, but nothing but a total change in human nature would prevent it very soon making every office, including the Presidency, an article of merchandise. The enormous venality into which the Republican party was plunged in order to maintain the tariff, was one of our strongest arguments for its expulsion from power. Let us not begin thus early to copy its errors or its quibbles.

DIPLOMATIC SALARIES.

THE recent law of Congress promoting, in a roundabout way, changes in the titular designations of some of our diplomatic agents, has brought on Congress, as every one foresaw it would, an agitation for an increase of the salaries of those agents. That law has, in effect, placed in the hands of foreign governments the title and rank of our diplomatic agents, because it declares in effect that when a foreign government sends an ambassador to Washington, the President can, and should, reciprocate. It is possible, even probable, that the larger part of the great Powers will change the title of their diplomatic agents to ambassadors. Why should they not, if the name now implies so little in power and functions?

The giving of names by Congress to our diplomatic agents, and the regulating by Congress of their pay, is comparatively modern in our practice. Down to the end of Madison's second term a lump sum was appropriated by Congress "for the expenses of diplomatic intercourse," and the President distributed names and salaries in his discretion. That plan followed the constitutional rule that the President is the fountain of diplomatic agencies, and Congress has nothing to do therewith but to give money enough. It left the President free to nominate and, with consent of the Senate, appoint to any place with any rank, according to his appreciation of the public interest.

The President's power to appoint diplomatic agents is not derived from Congress, and cannot be limited by Congress excepting through its refusal to supply the needed money. Probably the Senate can control the President in that matter, under the second clause of section second of the second article of the Constitution, as a conjoint part of the Executive; but even then, when one has once been made an ambassador, or minister, the President should have power to send the ambassador, or minister, to any government, and change his post of duty as circumstances may require, and without asking the consent of the Senate. The President has, however, often sent diplomatic agents to foreign countries without consent of the Senate. President Fillmore, under the advice of Secretary Daniel Webster, sent Commodore Perry, in that way, as Ambassador to Japan in 1852. Mr. Bayard is not our first ambassador.

Obviously the President could, without the recent absurd law, change, during the recess of the Senate, the titular designation of every mission, although probably no President would thus exercise discretion. When Congress began to put its hands into the business by declaring that the President *shall* appoint, with a defined work and salary, Congress must be understood as declaring that he *may* appoint, and, if he does appoint, the salary shall be as prescribed. Congress cannot compel the President to send a diplomatic mission where he does not think it best that one be sent. The office of diplomatic agent is constitutional. If it be conceded, as it must be, that the President can supplement the statutory diplomatic agent at Hawaii, for example, by a special commissioner or ambassador, not authorized by Congress or confirmed by the Senate, then there may be, in one sense, a statutory diplomacy and a President's diplomacy at the same court at the same moment.

As to salaries, the country must now expect a good deal of gabble over what England or some other government pays, and an endeavor to show that only "money makes the diplomatic mare go." Money is, and will be, useful up to a certain point, but it will be very silly for the United States to go beyond that point. Every one should appreciate the special reasons applying to our country and countrymen. To spend with grace and dignity a lot of money in a social way in Europe or in New York, one must be trained thereto or be a laughing-stock. The faculty will not come solely by appointment by any President. Inheritance, experience, observation, tact, feeling, must all combine. And then, too, Congress cannot be certain that the appointee will not pocket the salary, instead of spending it in the ways of the "smart set." Expensive houses may be bought by Congress and fitted up for our embassies, but how about filling them properly with a man and woman every four years under our present system of selection?

By what test shall Congress rearrange diplomatic salaries? It will cost not much more for an ambassador to live in London or Paris than for the Vice President in Washington, if each is on the same average plane of comfort or luxury. Shall the ambassador have more than the Vice-President? And if we are to pay such salaries to diplomatic agents as England pays, what shall our Vice-President, Secretary of State, and Chief Justice have? To a diplomatic agent to the Argentine Republic England pays $17,000; to Vienna, $40,000 and a house; to Brussels, $16,000; to Rio de Janeiro, $22,500; to Pekin, $27,500; to Copenhagen, $15,000; to Cairo, $30,000 and a house; to Paris, $45,000 and a house; to Berlin, $37,500; to Rome, $35,000 and a house; to The Hague, $20,000; to St. Petersburg, $39,000 and a house; to Washington $30,000 and a house. As Congress has, in an absurd way, sent an ambassador to London only because the Queen sent an ambassador to Washington, why not take the next step and buy a swell house for our Embassy in London and pay our Ambassador $30,000, simply because England does all that for her Ambassador near President Cleveland? It is the first step that costs.

HONESTY AT A PRICE.

A WOMAN who had purchased an excursion ticket from London to some point at a considerable distance was unfortunate

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enough to lose it, and a certain member of the London County Council was, as it proved, so unfortunate as to find it. He at once took it to the railway authorities, and, representing that he had bought the ticket but was suddenly compelled to abandon the trip, induced them to refund him the price. But presently the true purchaser of the ticket appeared upon the scene, and as it happened that only one ticket had been sold that day for the station named, and the ticket-seller recollected selling this to the woman, a case was made out against the Councilman which sent him to prison. Mr. John Burns, who occupies a position in England not unlike that formerly occupied by Mr. Powderly in this country, and who is a member of the London Council, felt moved to address his constituents upon this painful subject. After euphemistically and, indeed, somewhat inconsistently referring to the offence of his colleague as committed "in a moment of forgetfulness," he proceeded to deduce from the event a very important political principle. The only safeguard, he maintained, against such lapses from virtue was to be found in the payment of members of governing bodies. The people "did not give the men whom they elected the money which would keep them consistent and patriotic in the discharge of their duties."

It is evident that this principle is of a somewhat far-reaching character. It appears to involve the assumption that men who choose to engage in occupations where the remuneration is insufficient for their support, are not to be blamed for making up the deficiency by stealing. The world not only owes every man a living, but, if he finds it inadequate, he may take it out of the world. The starving man may properly supply his wants, not only if he is unable in any way to procure food, but also if his starving condition is owing to his having deliberately undertaken to perform service without pecuniary compensation. But, however this may be, Mr. Burns certainly failed to consider the experience of other countries with paid legislators. Some very interesting revelations were at the time taking place no further off than across the Channel in connection with the Panama Canal legislation, which were of a nature to prove that a salary is not a talisman against pecuniary corruption. There are other countries which would make no better figure than France, and we regret to say that Mr. Burns's theory is not supported by our own experience. The body in the city of New York corresponding roughly to the London Council has not been preserved from venality by being paid, and several of its members have been sentenced to State prison for taking bribes.

We fear that the experience of our other large cities affords no more support to Mr. Burns's theory, and the Legislatures of several of our States are most outrageously and persistently libelled if they do not contain many dishonest men who are in receipt of salaries sufficient at least to avert starvation. Nor if the theory were modified so as to excuse stealing where the salaries paid to members of governing bodies were sufficient for support, but insufficient for the maintenance of "respectable" establishments, in Carlyle's sense, would it find much firmer basis in our experience. Salaries are very high in the city of New York, there being few instances where the public officer does not receive more than equal labor would bring him in private life, but it would be difficult to prove that these salaries have freed us from jobbery and venality. In fact, a good deal could be said in support of the paradox that there is less corruption and dishonesty when low salaries are paid than when salaries are high, and that there is least when no salaries are paid at all.

The truth is, that Mr. Burns's theory disregards some important elements. One element is that every human being makes efforts for which the compensation is not pecuniary, and another is that honesty is a virtuous habit and not a purchasable commodity or service. The work of the legislator would confer distinction, if no salary were attached to it, more than if paid for in money, and distinction appeals to a great many men more than money. This work, too, is of a nature to occupy but a part of the time of those who do it; in most communities, a very small part. There are hundreds and thousands of men giving without pay to the affairs of churches and hospitals and other beneficent institutions a much greater amount of time than would suffice for the work of legislation if they were to undertake it. But men of this class play a continually smaller figure in our governing bodies. They are crowded out by a class of men to whom the salary attached to the office of legislator is worth a struggle which it is not to the former class. It is undoubtedly true that if legislators were unpaid, a certain number of poor men could not go to the Legislature. Whether this would be a misfortune for the community or not would be determined by a study of the achievements of our paid representatives in the work of legislation. Their recent achievements are not of very distinguished merit; but the subject is too large for discussion within our limits. We certainly shall rejoice if the Government of England retains under a régime of paid legislators that immunity from corruption which has distinguished it under the order that is now passing away; but unless human nature is to be different in the future from what it has been in the past, experience does not encourage this hope.

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—X.

ENGINEERING.

CHICAGO, September, 1893.

THE charge has been made against the buildings of the World's Columbian Exposition that they have been designed for external effect rather than for the purpose for which they were supposed to be intended—in other words, that the use of the buildings, as safe and appropriate structures for the preservation and display of the articles exhibited, has been made to yield to the demands of external show. This criticism, though severe, is well taken: the exteriors of the buildings, seen grouped together, are magnificent; when considered as tools for their supposed purposes, to house and show off classified exhibits, they are less perfect. The interiors are generally poor, and, furthermore, the installation of the exhibits has often been such as to aggravate rather than relieve the defects. The one interior which could have been made very effective was that of the great Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, and yet an unsightly clock-tower, placed in the centre, has been allowed to break up all vistas, and the grand effect is lost.

In no building, however, are these defects so apparent as in Machinery Hall. It seems especially unfortunate that a building devoted by its name to engineering subjects should be, from an engineering point of view, the most defective building in the Fair. Externally, Machinery Hall fits fairly well among the principal group of buildings, but is of a style singularly inappropriate to the purpose which its name indicates, while the great east entrance, with its classical pediment, and the north entrance, with its circular porch, both enclosing deep porticos, without interior pillars, and crossed by heavy walls resting on nothing, are constructive absurdities very inappropriate here. The faults of the exterior could readily be forgiven in a structure which will be removed before it has time to go out of fashion, but the defects of the interior are more glaring. The interior of this structure, devoted specially to engineering purposes, consists of three parallel aisles formed of semicircular ribbed arches supported on vertical continuations of the ribs, with no ties or change of section at the spring-line of the arches. The outline bears no relation to the strains which must exist, and, being contrary to correct lines of construction, is necessarily ugly. A cross aisle through the centre gives an opportunity for structures resembling domes, and the three domes are enough to suggest a method of accentuating the interior by an arrangement of prominent exhibits. Unfortunately this has not been done, and the general appearance is a disappointment from the start. Everything seems flat; it is like an oration from which all rhetoric has been eliminated, or like a dull book which can be studied but not read. The exhibits are there, but none has any prominence over another.

Those who remember the Philadelphia Exposition of 1876 know how very effective the interior of Machinery Hall was made, with the great Corliss engine in the centre, the Krupp gun in one corner, and a few very large exhibits standing out as prominent features which gave a rhetorical effect to the whole. At the Paris Exposition of 1889 the great Machinery Hall was second only to the Eiffel Tower, its superb roof and fine interior being the one feature of the Exposition proper which was universally admired. At Chicago, on the other hand, Machinery Hall is the one large building which attracts least attention, and the one building which is especially disappointing to those who should appreciate it most—the engineers. In Spanish-American cities, one is sometimes surprised to find the interior of a building, whose architecture shows that it was originally intended for a very different purpose, filled with tools and used as a machine-

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shop. The impression formed on entering Machinery Hall is much the same, and the impression is so strong that the real worth of the things exhibited is overlooked.

The so-called Machinery Hall, however, is really misnamed; it is, in fact, little more than the power-house of the Exposition. The features which should have made the machinery department most effective are to be found elsewhere. The most striking thing to be seen in Machinery Hall is the long row of boilers in the annex on the south side. In a plain lean-to of corrugated iron is placed the series of boilers which provide power for the whole Exposition. They are arranged in a single row, one after another, occupying what seems an interminable length; they are all water-tube boilers, and they are all fired with oil; they develop over 20,000 horse-power. Visitors can see them from a gallery on the level of the main floor of the building, or from the lower level at which they are worked. Their arrangement in a single line tends to increase their apparent magnitude, and one can hardly believe that the effective power of this great battery of boilers is less than has lately been concentrated in the hull of a single ocean steamer. To all who visit Machinery Hall, I would say, visit the boiler-room first; if you have time for but one thing, see the boilers and go.

The distribution of steam from the boilers is made under the floor of the building. The engines are placed along the south side of the main building. The most prominent and the largest engine is the great Allis engine; nevertheless, it has no striking features which appeal to the eye of the layman. It is hard to realize that this unpretending horizontal engine, with its four cylinders and its big fly-wheel, develops nearly twice the power developed by the Corliss engine at Philadelphia; yet it is true, and it is a simple fact that the battery of boilers in the annex furnishes nearly ten times the power that the Philadelphia Corliss engine developed. Outside the electric plants, there is no machine in which greater changes have been made in the last seventeen years than in the steam engine. The Corliss engine at Philadelphia was a single long-stroke condensing beam-engine, working with comparatively high pressure for those days. Among the whole group of engines in Machinery Hall there is scarcely a simple engine to be found. They are generally either compound or triple-expansion, while the Allis engine is quadruple, working the same steam successively in each of its four cylinders. One has but to look carefully over these series of engines to see how completely the compounding principle has been accepted by the modern engineer.

A few of the engines run lines of shafting which supply power to looms and other small machines in Machinery Hall. For the most part, however, the engines, including the great Allis engine, simply run dynamos, and here, in this power-house improperly called Machinery Hall, is ground out the electric power by which the whole Exposition is run. Nothing indicates more than this the advance and limitations of electricity. So long as electric force was looked to as a source of power, its great cost defeated its use; since it has been accepted as a means of conveying power, there seems to be no limitation to its value. All the power begins in the great battery of boilers in the annex; it is converted into useful form by the group of engines along the south side of the building; it is conveyed over electric wires to illuminate the buildings at night, to the stalls south of the lagoon where the electric launches are charged, and to give power wherever power is wanted throughout Jackson Park.

The engines occupy perhaps one-quarter of the whole width of the building; north of this the space is devoted to machines, and to some other things which hardly seem appropriately placed here, varying from Mr. Schneider's exhibit of heavy steel forgings and shapes, from the Creusot Works in France, to the confectionery of the little candy-stands. There is the usual collection of Jacquard looms, weaving all kinds of figured ribbons which people are expected to buy. Here and there a group will be found around some special machine which has the advantage of making a noise. In the British section one notices a specially compact form of engine, known as the Willans central-valve engine, which is made either simple, compound, or triple, always using a single piston-rod, the cylinders being placed above each other, and the steam and exhaust both being taken through the hollow piston-rod. By searching, many matters of interest will be found in this building, which contains a great deal more than a first glance would lead one to expect.

In the Swedish section, buried like a diamond among larger surrounding objects, is found the gem of Machinery Hall. It is Dr. de Laval's steam turbine, which is in fact simply a little turbine-wheel run by steam, but whose claims are of the most extraordinary character. Two sizes of turbines are exhibited, five and twenty horse-power. The twenty-horse-power wheel is a steel disc about six inches in diameter, with the buckets cut on the circumference and a tire shrunk around the whole, which is driven at the extraordinary speed of 22,000 revolutions a minute. The periphery of this tiny wheel moves at a speed of over six miles a minute, and this speed is so great that the mere different intensities of the solid steel forging form elements of disturbance, and quiet motion is obtained only by mounting the wheel on a slender shaft which, by springing between bearings, lets the wheel find the centre of gravity, which the builder's art is not delicate enough to determine. The five-horse-power turbine revolves 30,000 times per minute. These extreme velocities are geared down ten times by a gear-wheel and pinion with carefully cut spiral gears, and the turbines run dynamos at one-tenth their own speed. The steam is admitted through several nozzles, and, after passing through the wheel, escapes through an exhaust-box into the air or the vacuum of a condenser. The exhibitor claims an economy almost equal to that of a triple-expansion engine. It is certainly a wonderful machine, but, enclosed as it is in its cover, the casual visitor would never suspect the existence of the wonderful little tool. The suggestions which it makes are immense. In our grandfathers' days the big over-shot water-wheel, with its slow, impressive motion, was considered the highest example of hydraulic economy; to-day it has absolutely disappeared before the superiority of the turbine. The great steam-engine of to-day, with its large cylinders, its reciprocating motion, its disturbances which cannot be counterbalanced, is the most effective form of power we have, but it is as defective as it is effective. It may be that the tiny steam turbine which is seen in Machinery Hall is the precursor of an army of steam turbines before which the reciprocating steam-engine will absolutely disappear.

The redeeming feature, however, of the engineering portion of the World's Columbian Exposition lies in the fact that it is not found in Machinery Hall. The machines which its name would lead one to expect to find here must be looked for in three other departments. The Mining Building, the Electricity Building, and the Transportation Building are the real Machinery Hall. There is one other building which must not be forgotten. Next to the distribution of electricity the most important feature is the distribution of water; at Philadelphia this was accomplished by a pumping-station built by Mr. Henry R. Worthington, who was then living, and which, though located outside the grounds, formed a part of the Exhibition. At Chicago the corporation which has adopted as its name the individual name of this great engineer, has erected a pumping plant of far greater power than the one at Philadelphia, located in a small building near the southeast corner of Machinery Hall. This pumping-station is well worth a visit. The engines are of the well-known Worthington duplex pattern; of the two largest, one is vertical and one horizontal, the latter being fitted with the special high-duty attachment which has been adopted since Mr. Worthington's death. Not only is the general water-supply handled from this pumping-station, but it is these pumps which drive the fountains that are the principal attraction at the west end of the Court of Honor.

Of the three buildings referred to, the Mining Building is perhaps the most effective. It is almost the only building which has a good interior, and this interior has been effectively used. It would more properly be called the Metallurgical Building, as much more of its space is devoted to the products of mines, and to machinery which has an indirect connection with mining, than to actual mining matters. The products, moreover, are not confined to the crude output of the mine, but extend to finished metal work, the product of iron mills being distributed among the several buildings on a system which cannot be understood.

The Electricity Building stands next to the Mining Building, and its interior is rather effective, especially in the evening, advantage being taken of the brilliancy of the electric lights to illuminate in a great variety of ways. This building is really devoted to the use of which it bears the name, but it is hard to see why the comparatively small electric appliances which this building is filled with, should have been separated from the great array of dynamos in the power-house.

When one enters the Transportation Building, one feels that the defects of the so-called Machinery Hall are redeemed. The building itself is a wooden structure, and the interior is poor. The exterior is totally unlike that of any other building on the grounds, in that a departure has been made from classical outlines; color rather than shape has been relied on for decoration. There is an appropriateness in this departure: transportation is preeminently a matter of utility: everything relating to transportation must be regarded as a tool, and the difference between tools and monuments must not be forgotten. In the present condition of the arts, especially in America, metallic tools are the cheapest and best; masonry construction, though the best for monumental use and in positions of great stability, seldom makes an economical tool. The architect of the Transportation Building has recognized that the masonry forms of the classical styles are not adapted to metallic construction. The Transportation Building is of wood covered, as all the buildings are, with humbug, but the lines and general features of decoration are comparatively well adapted to metallic construction and are appropriate here,

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The interior is cheap and rather poor, but the most has been made of it, and a collection of exhibits has been brought together here which, from the engineering view, is of more value than all the rest of the Exposition. While the American exhibits fill a considerable portion of the space, European nations are admirably represented, and many of the best and most interesting features are from abroad. There is one feature which may be criticised. The most prominent thing in the south nave of the building is a full-sized model of the great 125-pound steam-hammer at Bethlehem; this model should have been in Machinery Hall, and, if placed under the central dome of that building, would have served admirably to relieve the flatness of the present display. In the narrow nave of the Transportation Building it is less effective, and apparently its only relation to transportation is that it is used to forge guns which, when finished, start the transportation of projectiles.

Transportation may generally be divided into two classes, by land and water; each of these may be divided into transportation by animal and by mechanical power. The north portion of the building is perhaps the least interesting, and is occupied by articles of land transportation by animal power, from the different forms of light buggies in which young people like to drive, to those more gloomy four-wheeled vehicles in which the last journey is begun. The north end of the gallery is largely devoted to the most modern form of transportation by animal power, the bicycle. The old high wheel and the cushioned tire are hardly to be seen; the pneumatic tire and the ball bearing occupy prominent places, while among the bicycle exhibits are shown polished steel balls of sizes varying up to two and one-half inches, which lead the engineer to ask searching questions as to the use to which these larger balls can be put, without getting any answer until much more has been learned than is now known of the actual strength of this class of bearings.

Transportation by water is illustrated in many ways, but, in general, foreign nations, and especially England, are much better represented than America. The White Star Steamship Company shows nothing in the Transportation Building, but has constructed a building of its own in a different part of the grounds. The Cunard Steamship Company has a set of models representing the history of its fleet, all on the same scale, from the little wooden *Britannia* of 1840 to the *Campania*, whose merits and defects are now being discussed. The English builders have also similar exhibits, and models of sister ships, identical except in name, are in several instances found among builders' and owners' exhibits. The two principal German steamship lines also show models of their vessels, while a French company has occupied its space with pictures of harbors and the interior of steamships so lighted as to be interesting to the countryman, but of little value except for show. Besides these there are many models of more ancient craft, and one who has the privilege of the private office of the chief of the Department will find some illuminated Spanish manuscript volumes, in which the modern compiler has shown that the art of decorative writing is not lost, and which give a remarkable history of the development of navigation.

It is, however, in land transportation that the principal interest centres. One striking illustration occupies the whole southern portion of the annex. It is a selection from the Haarmann Museum at Osnabrück, which is intended to illustrate the different forms of railroad construction from the beginning to the latest. Not, however, satisfied with the modern railroad, these Germans, with the profundity which characterizes their race, have dug out from a bog in North Germany the remains of an ancient Roman road, built of timber, near the beginning of the Christian era. This road, which has been traced for something like forty miles, was formed of flat slabs, laid overlapping, held in place by stakes driven through square axe-cut holes, and evidently covered with earth so as to make a smooth-wearing surface. It was a Roman progenitor of George Stephenson's railroad across Chat Moss—the same principle of a broad bearing distributing weight over boggy soil; and the moisture of the bog has preserved this wooden road for two thousand years.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company has collected a large exhibit which it calls the World's Railway, and which is intended to illustrate the development of railroad construction from the very beginning to the present year. It consists of pictures, full-sized models, and actual locomotives, the latter being from its own lines. The "Grasshopper" is here and the "Camel," but the "Camel" is a ten-wheel engine with a truck, though there is also a full-sized model of the original eight-wheel "Camel," which was built to climb the seventeen-mile grade. The models are of wood and interesting; here are found the early forms when the value of the coefficient of friction was unknown, and among them is the little locomotive which kicked itself along with two legs. This is not the only amusing locomotive, but many fantastic forms of engines and cars may be found distributed among the pictures on the walls. One section, however, of this exhibit, as originally contemplated, is not here. Mr. Theodore Cooper was intrusted with the task of preparing a set of drawings and other illustrations which should show the historical development of American bridge-building. He made the collection, but the railroad has not included it in its exhibit; it is, however, to be found in the west gallery by itself.

Two English railroads, the London and Northwestern and the Great Western, make interesting exhibits. The London and Northwestern is the most striking. As everybody knows, this railroad includes the original Liverpool and Manchester Railway. At one end is shown a model of the famous "Rocket," which took the prize at the Rainhill competition; at the other is shown the very latest form of three-cylinder compound locomotive as constructed by Mr. Webb at Crewe. They are the extremes of English locomotive history. The Great Western Railway exhibits the locomotive "Lord of the Isles," the identical engine which was shown in the Crystal Palace at London in 1851, and which was for many years the typical fast broad-gauge passenger locomotive. It stands here in its original dimensions on Brunel's seven-foot gauge. This railway has devoted much of its space to photographic illustrations of the country through which it passes, and its exhibit appeals as an advertisement to the public as well as a lesson to the student.

A great many locomotives are here, generally on the main floor, and most in the annex on the west side. Here the evidences of compounding again appear. Though the compound locomotive is a rarity in actual operation, a large majority of the locomotives exhibited are compound. Like every tool which is comparatively new, the arrangements of the details are very different, the number of cylinders varying from two to four; except, however, one French locomotive, no engine is to be found in which advantage is taken of the use of four cylinders to place cranks opposite each other, and to compensate reciprocating motions by reciprocating motions. The Pullman Palace Car Company and the Wagner Company each exhibit a full passenger train, showing in its appointments a degree of elegance which one hopes will be exchanged for a corresponding degree of sense before the trains are actually put in service. The Pullman Company also exhibits a model of the town of Pullman; it occupies a well-lighted situation which one wishes might have have been devoted to something less like a toy, especially when the original town can be reached in half an hour from Chicago.

The various air-brake companies make rather unique exhibits, each in the shape of a full equipment for a train of a hundred cars, collected together into a very compact form. The full number of brake cylinders and the full length of piping are put together, the pipes being arranged in very different manners, but generally having a snaky effect which does not suggest the real object. The fact that each of these exhibits represents the equipment of a train of one hundred cars, and that a train of a hundred modern cars means the transportation in one lot of 2,500 tons of freight, is perhaps the most suggestive thing about them.

These larger things are simply, however, some of the more prominent objects in this very interesting department. The Pennsylvania Railroad and the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad have placed their exhibits outside, partly in special buildings for the purpose, and partly, as is eminently appropriate for track and rolling stock, out of doors. It is hard to decide which of the two is the better exhibit as a whole. The Pennsylvania Railroad has an original old train, the New York Central has a reproduction of an old train and its latest form of locomotive. The New York Central Railroad's building is decidedly the handsomer of the two; the exhibits inside the Pennsylvania building are more interesting than those in the other.

While these large objects are the most prominent, they are by no means all, and the superb exhibition of German engineering which occupies the whole south end of the gallery, illustrating great varieties of transportation and construction, is perhaps the finest thing in the whole building. But the French engineers are not much behind it, and even the Japanese show, by comparative illustrations of their ancient and modern work, that we may hope that the accuracy and strength of European and American engineering may yet be combined with the exquisite taste and finish of the Orient. On the whole, little more can be said of the Transportation Building than that it is a continual series of interesting, valuable, and instructive things. Mr. Willard A. Smith, Chief of the Department of Transportation Exhibits, has done a remarkable work. The skill and energy which he has shown both in getting together American exhibits and in persuading foreigners to send things which, in their nature, must be valuable purely for educational purposes, without hope of any direct return to the profit of the exhibitor, have been remarkable. If ever the visitor in the Exposition finds unappropriated time at his disposal, there is no better place to go to than the Transportation Building.

G. S. M.

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PIKE'S PEAK AND COLORADO SPRINGS.

COLORADO SPRINGS, July 26, 1893.

FROM the wonders of the Midway Plaisance, where all nations jostle one another in amicable confusion—Turks, Zulus, Fiji Islanders, dignified Egyptians—where, indeed, as Emily Dickinson says,

> "The show is not the show,
> But they that go"

—from the real beauty and magnificence of the great White City, with its impressive Court of Honor and silent lagoons, its stately architecture and collections, we have come to monuments not made with hands—from the World's Columbian Exposition spread out beneath the eyes of the curious in the great Ferris Wheel, to the world and its glory spread out to the eyes of the adventurous from the summit of Pike's Peak.

Colorado Springs, a fair and sunny city reposing on the great plain at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, yet has itself an altitude nearly the same as the summit of Mount Washington, practically 6,000 feet above sea level. Its energetic electric cars fly swiftly along the broad and level streets, arc-lights make brilliant evenings, excellent hotels and handsome dwellings are surrounded by green lawns and shrubbery preserved only by the most painstaking care and watchfulness. Many things ought to be seen here—some must be; among them beautiful Cheyenne Cañon, so loved by "H. H.," and classed by her with the nine places of "divine worship" in Colorado Springs, and where, on the heights above, she lay after her death until tourists and general vandalism necessitated bringing her to the cemetery below. Nor can the "Garden of the Gods" be omitted. Its huge red sandstone monuments, rising perpendicularly more than 250 feet, weather-worn into fantastic shapes, are a sight to be never forgotten, but not easily described. And when, stopping on a ridge near the "balanced rock," not only is all the wild, titanic confusion of the Garden seen, but, behind, the lapping and overlapping heights of the Rocky Mountains, capped by Pike's Peak far up among the sunlit clouds, words fall silent, for the immensity is not assimilable at once. But the Peak itself must surely be ascended. Not all travellers accomplish this, nor is the summit always an entirely happy memory. But it may be reached now with much ease in any one of three ways. The hardy little burros so frequent here are entirely good for the climb, only they must be given their own time, often two or three days. By far the most usual way now to the summit is by the cog railroad, a quick and comfortable route. But we chose the third, by carriage from Cascade Cañon over a mountain road of seventeen miles, with six hours of magnificent views, and a sufficiently gradual ascent into the region of thin air.

Leaving Cascade, at once the road winds upwards very steeply along the side of the Cañon, until after a mile or more one seems all but overhanging the town below, while at the mouth of the ravine the far blue plains fill the distance like an etherealized ocean. The sharp-leaved yucca fringes the road, not lush and luxuriant as in Bermuda, but grayer and stiffer, though hardly less picturesque. Yellow pines root themselves in every possible crevice, and at last, when the banks of a little stream are reached, a myriad of lovely wild-flowers suddenly show their dainty faces, springing up from the hard, dry soil like fairy visitors. The humble, homely, well-beloved yarrow fills every available spot, its familiar odor pungent in the warm air, while close to the wheels large, short-stemmed white evening primroses rest on low, bluish-green foliage. When grown too tired and warm, the white petals turn a delicate pink and droop softly on the leaves below, in endless sleep. The American cowslip, or "shooting-star," is abundant, looking strangely dainty against the coarse dry grass; and blue mertensia grows rankly along the road. As the way becomes steeper, winding more deeply into the heart of the mountains, the beautiful blue penstemon appears, its blossoms so crowding in very rush of life upon the stem that many cannot open at all. Thickets of "quakin' aspen" line the way, soon so shut in that it might well be any country road at sea-level. Yet here the elevation exceeds 9,000 feet above that level.

Turning a sharp curve a sudden surprise is in store. The dryness and dust give place to a veritable valley of peace. No distant view obtrudes to fill the heart with far-off longings, and a tiny brook tinkles down the mountain to make here the sweetest, softest green meadow, where grasses are rank and tall and green, and bushes of spiræa and wild roses grow waist-high in the welcome moisture. Small ranches below also appreciate the dampness, and little homes could be seen far off under the trees. The four strong horses started in again after a moment's refreshing at the spring, but the memory of that sweet picture went with us far up the dry mountain side. The flowers, too, followed; wild roses and blue and scarlet penstemon, in seed below, were at these great heights yet in the prime of their blossoming. Up and still up lay our course, the Cañon walls spreading further away, until, from the huge environment of rock and mountain shoulder, could be seen the glory of the whole range piling off to the north in colossal confusion. Near by, red spruce in place of pine, pale-green kinnikinnick hugging the soil, here and there a bit of wild cherry and elder, and an occasional willow shrub.

Many years ago fire swept over these mountain spaces, and miles of spruces now stand tall and gaunt, reaching ineffectual white fingers to the sky, while myriads of others, prostrate at their feet, are still undecayed in the dry solitudes where they lie. But, soon as may be, Nature takes back to her heart her wounded children, and the delicate aspen and acres of crimson "burnt-weed" cover the slopes, while, somewhat above, the spruces again have grown up, many of them almost as large as their ghostly ancestors. Golden-rod of several kinds appeared above 10,000 feet elevation, greatly dwarfed, but lavishly bright and sunny; and a superb mass of scarlet painted-cup.

A half-way house, so called, gave time for luncheon and a change of horses. It is, however, about ten miles from Cascade and seven from the summit. Just beyond came a superb view, with the Mosquito Range to the north, somewhere near which lies Leadville, 11,000 feet above the sea. Ranges seventy miles and more away filled the horizon, with lesser peaks on the other side, while the great plain to the east still lay under the sunshine, calm and reposeful. Onward the road curves to every point of the compass, but always up, until, looking almost straight down, nine of its dizzy loops were apparent at once, and the wonder was how foothold had been found on the steep and rocky slope. But even here was no desolation equal to Fuji's lonely peak in Japan. The spruces still followed, though leaning away from the fierce west winds, with a grotesquely greater growth in their eastern branches; and an occasional crow made haste across some wind-swept height, sharply silhouetted against a sky which seemed to grow an intenser blue with every mile.

After timber-line was passed, not quite 12,000 feet elevation, the vast sky and a primeval chaos of red granite rocks were all. No, not all, for then appeared a fairy garden of Alpine flowers, nestling in crevices and carpeting the stones with radiance. Brilliant yellow, blue, pale pink and white blossoms not an inch high stretched cheerfully in every direction, the whitish green foliage hugging the bleak rocks with insistent affection. The blue flowers, a species of forget-me-not, must indeed have caught their color from the sky so very near, for not a trace of purple marred their likeness to its blue depths. Almost no other flower except "succory to match the sky" is really blue. Shades of purple, faint or deep, obscure the purity of tint. The yellow flowers, looking like dwarf buttercups, though really Colorado saxifrage, hold the sunshine in their cups—a magic selective absorption indeed. Inexpressibly beautiful was this little flat flower garden, nurtured in storm and clouds and sun on these windy heights.

And now came a view into the "bottomless abyss," over a snowbank, where the red perpendicular walls dive indefinitely down, and just overhead the final Peak and the low Signal Service building. Far south glistened the Seven Lakes and the grand Cañon of the Arkansas; east, Colorado Springs, like a faint far checker-board; while the burnt spruces below showed like the confusion of some gigantic game of jackstraws. About 14,000 feet elevation, the flowers became fewer and finally ceased, though gladly they would have followed if a particle of soil had given the slightest pretence of foothold. Instead, brilliant lichens almost seemed to shine from the rocks—and in a moment the very summit was reached.

Here, then, was the mighty vantage-ground from which Prof. Langley had seen the total eclipse of the sun in 1878—when the blue-black shadow of the moon rushed with terrifying swiftness over the plains below—and where he had seen those tremendous streamers of the corona projected more than eleven million miles into space. When again will an eclipse-track deign to cross a station so favorable? Barren water-spaces, African or South American marshes, are too often the exasperating and seemingly lawless choice of these celestial happenings. Since the Boyden Fund for astronomical work on mountain peaks has been managed by Prof. Pickering of Harvard, a wide research upon the summits of high mountains has been conducted with a view to ascertain, first of all, the meteorological conditions there prevailing. The highest station ever permanently occupied for such a purpose being Pike's Peak, with records of a long series of these observations made by officers of the Signal Service, the Harvard Observatory has co-operated by publishing these records in its Annals, where they are now available for study. The station was established in October of 1873, and the splendid series of observations is quite unbroken to the present day. The extensive plains to the east offer particularly good opportunity for noting such cloud and storm phenomena as originate or move east of the Peak, which rises rather abruptly about 8,000 feet above Colorado Springs. Even to the west the mountains are so much lower than the station that fine observation is possible. Heavy wind-storms are, strangely enough, not usual, and the mean hourly velocity rarely exceeds fifty miles. But the Peak is celebrated for its electrical storms, occurring generally

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when the air is moist, with perhaps a light snow-storm in progress. The whirling anemometer cups then frequently look like circles of fire.

The great elevation affects many persons, either in heart, lungs, or head; but for actual discomfort on a mountain-top, Fuji doubtless holds the palm. A certain light-headedness, or tendency to headache, characterized the best of us, but the intense pain and the sense of leaden oppression of that sacred height were absent from the Pike's Peak pilgrims. The Signal officers were courteous and attentive, the view almost appallingly grand—distant fires, acres in extent, looking like a hand's-breadth blaze; raging storms covering miles but a tiny incident in our horizon. Yet I fancy when the call to the carriages came, that few were inclined to grumble over the shortness of the hour upon this incomparable height. The curves in the downward road became even more apparent than before as the horses took them at a sharp trot, the leaders airily circling along the outer edge within an inch of the descending slope, as gayly as if with a misstep the wings of Pegasus were available. The lower Cañon was reached in less than half the time of the ascent, and the red walls and standing rocks, the pines and distant slopes, were even more wonderful and effective in the slanting sunshine of late afternoon than in the glow of early morning, and Cascade nestled more enticingly in its meadows. MABEL LOOMIS TODD.

REMINISCENCES OF A ROMANTICIST.

PARIS, September 14, 1893.

"HABENT sua *fata libelli*." M. Maxime Du Camp has written many books and many articles. Of his work nothing will probably remain but his 'Convulsions of Paris,' written immediately after the Commune. These 'Convulsions' are what the modern historical school calls a "document"; they give an exact account of what became of Paris during the short triumph of the Commune. Future economists may perhaps consult what Maxime Du Camp has written on 'Paris et ses Organes,' on the municipal and what may be called the material life of Paris. Philanthropists will consult what he has written on 'Private Charity in Paris.' It is somewhat singular that M. Maxime Du Camp should, in his later years, have become a sort of economist and philanthropist. He began life as a pure *romantique;* he is one of the last remnants of the school, which has been replaced by the realistic school. He was well prepared to become a *romantique* by a wild and adventurous spirit. He travelled in the East at a time when Cook did not exist; he was later one of Garibaldi's Mille in Sicily. He is now one of the "Immortals" of the Academy. He enjoys rest; he spends most of his time in a house which he bought at Baden-Baden long before the war of 1870, and which he has not abandoned since the French defeats. He has lately employed his leisure hours in writing essays under the title of 'La Crépuscule: Propos du Soir.' The evening of life has come for him, and, like the traveller on the road, he looks back on the past. It is said, and not without truth, that old age returns naturally, by a sort of irresistible bent, to the feelings of youth and of infancy: the middle of life disappears; we see nothing but its dawn. The *romantique* is found on every page of these crepuscular memories of Maxime Du Camp, and I have read them with a sort of melancholy pleasure.

Maxime Du Camp says little about himself. He informs us, however, that he never knew what the ancients called "res angusta domi"; which means that he was born with a good fortune. He was not obliged to win his daily bread, and he abandoned himself completely to the fancies of his own imagination. Nature saved him from two great dangers: he had no inclination for gambling or for drinking. He jumped, to use his own expression, on the "back of the Romantic Pegasus"; all his admirations were for the great Romantic writers. He sees clearly that the gods of his youth are not the gods of the modern generation, but he is not surprised. "After the evening of the 16th of April, 1849, I nearly broke with a friend, who was thirty years older than myself, because he refused to admit that Meyerbeer's 'Prophet' was a masterpiece. Last winter I was severely scolded by a young man who thought that I was speaking of 'Parsifal' with too much reserve. I made allowance for the difference of ages, remembered my indignation when an opera of Meyerbeer was contested, and did not say a word."

Maxime Du Camp had an adventurous spirit, and in his youth made long journeys. Some of his descriptions of places in the East are the best pages in his volume.

"No city," he says, "ever kept me; I left them all with a sensation of deliverance. What most abides in my memory, what I wreathe with my regrets, it is not Cairo, or Damascus, or Constantinople, or Smyrna, where the girls are the joy of the eye, or Athens, where the Acropolis is the joy of the mind, or Rome, where I lived under Gregory VII., or even Venice, which is the most touching historical remains—no; this is not what I evoke when, lingering in the past, I go back to the happiest days of my existence."

And then come some descriptions of natural scenery which are very charming—the island of Chio, the plain of Cœle-Syria, Lebanon, certain places on the Nile or in Palestine.

"The 18th of August, 1850, I well remember, I remained sitting from morning till night on one of the hills which surround the Dead Sea, over the ravine which leads to the convent of Mar Saba. At my feet, in a bowl which is probably an immense crater now full of water, the Dead Sea, heavy and lustrous, like tin in a state of fusion; in the distance, the land of Hauran, where the doomed cities were, Moab and the Tribe of Reuben. . . ."

For a moment, Maxime Du Camp was tempted to settle in the East; he speaks with tenderness of some places in Egypt, of the island of Elephantine in the Nile, of sundry villages of Syria, of the neighborhood of Smyrna, of Beirut. "I feel now," he says, "that if I had abandoned an active life to bury myself in the Eastern countries, in some favorite retreat, I should have died, devoured by the idleness which is the greatest enemy of man, individually and socially."

The essays which compose this volume touch on the most various subjects. If they have some sort of unity, it must be found in a comparison between the feelings and aspirations of the generation to which M. Du Camp belongs and those of the present generation. Nothing can be, in truth, more different than the state of the soul (to use a very modern expression) of 1830 and of 1893. M. Du Camp tries to be just, and speaks of the youth of 1893 with complaisance:

"No, it is not just," he writes, "to abuse the modern generation. It seems to repudiate none of the tasks of life, it does not sulk before the duty of intellectual culture, and it accepts readily the task of military service, which for several years postpones the moment when paid labor will provide for the needs of existence. It is ready to say 'Here I am' when it is called. Its grandfathers bought themselves a substitute when they were seized by conscription; I know it well."

There is a special essay on "Military Service." Under Louis Philippe, a man was bought for an insurance premium of a thousand francs, and there were special insurance companies which furnished them. The soldiers remained seven years in the regiment and became thoroughly imbued with the spirit of discipline. Now, every young man has to be a soldier, but the term of service is very short, and the officers complain that the military spirit has not time to overcome the civil spirit. The terrible experience of war alone will show what the modern army is really worth. Maxime Du Camp regrets that the institution of one-year volunteers, copied from the German *Einjährige* after the war of 1871, has been abandoned. One year in a regiment would amply suffice for a well-educated and well-trained man. All the supplementary time spent, in obedience to our spirit of equality, under arms is lost, in his opinion.

Universal military service, universal suffrage, such are the two characteristics of modern France. In 1830 the suffrage was not universal, and young men were excluded from the electoral field. All young men, especially all law students, now revel in politics.

"Political preoccupations," says Maxime Du Camp, "did not torment us; a fine picture exhibited at the annual Salon, a fine verse in a poem, a sunset at sea, a new book, interested us more than a political manœuvre. In truth, what was it to us whether M. Guizot should keep his portfolio, or M. Thiers should take it away from him? The Revolution of February woke us suddenly, but only for a short time, and soon after we began anew to obey and to dream. Ah, we were very unpractical, I must confess. We also had eaten of the fruit of the lotus."

It is not certain that what preoccupied the younger generation in 1830 was more ephemeral than what engages the present; but political ambition has become more general, more universal.

"Among those who will try to be first in the electoral battle, who will sacrifice an honest occupation to the inconstant fortune of politics, many will successfully attain the object of their ambition. So many have succeeded, of such singular ignorance and such intellectual platitude, that the hope of ascending the ministerial heights cannot be interdicted to anybody. The future candidates, now on the school-benches, will bring with them their illusion about themselves and their mania for governing. Will it be a good? Will it be an evil? Nobody can answer. France will not know in a hundred years."

Maxime Du Camp dilates much on the change which has taken place in public opinion within sixty years on the subject of Napoleon. He has an essay on the Emperor. His generation, which was more poetical than practical, had a sort of Napoleonic religion. "If he had lived in the dark ages, when writing was not yet invented, he would have been placed in the ranks of the gods, between Apollo, the distributor of light, and Jupiter, the master of the thunderbolt." Whatever may be said of him, it is impossible to deny that "Nature had composed him of rare elements, as an instrument forged for some unaccustomed work." Lamartine was right when, in one of his 'Méditations,' he says to Napoleon:

"Rien d'humain ne battait sous ton épaisse armure."

Napoleon, in the opinion of Maxime Du Camp, saved the Revolution, which had devoured itself and was on the point of perishing when the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire took place. "In my youth," he says, "I knew a man who had been mixed up in the events of

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that period, and who belonged to the coterie of the Comte d'Artois. He told me that the 18th Brumaire did more harm to legitimacy than to the Republic." After the Restoration, Napoleon remained in the popular mind as the representative not only of the military grandeur of France, but also of the principles of the Revolution. Mme. de Staël had called him a "Robespierre *à cheval*."

The legend of Napoleon formed itself out of many elements; it was adopted by the Romantic school. Victor Hugo, even Chateaubriand, Béranger, Lamartine, afterwards Balzac, all the poets (and there are poets in prose as well as in verse), presented to the imagination of the people a glorified Napoleon. "Men of my time were brought up on the knees of the soldiers of the First Empire, the survivors of those gigantic wars which terrified and disturbed the world." In the essay "Les Illusions" Du Camp exhibits the transformations of the Napoleonic sentiment—how rapidly the legend was formed; how it became a part of liberalism and the essence of what we call "chauvinism." The idol fell only after the disasters of 1870; the Second Empire was fatal to the first. But was it really fatal? We are struck by a sort of Napoleonic revival. The new generation, however, now sees Napoleon in the light of history, not in the rays of the legend. The modern historical school is founded on documents. There is an essay "Le Document," in which Du Camp shows how many errors are now rectified by a careful study of Government and family archives.

Correspondence.

THE WALRUS AT THE FAIR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the issue of the *Nation* for the week of September 14th, in an interesting letter on "Science at the Fair," signed by "W. H. D.," appears the following: "A fine walrus might have been more life-like if the taxidermist had had a better guide than Elliott's caricatures of this unfortunate animal, which, in addition to extinction, seems to be doomed to posthumous misrepresentation."

Unfortunately, the writer of the above does not indicate wherein the specimen fails to agree with his apparently superior knowledge, but he falls into an error when he infers that Elliott's pictures were used as the model in mounting the specimen. As a matter of fact, the writer saw this specimen and seven others alive ten days before it was killed, though unfortunately he was not able to procure one personally. The impression he received at the time of the form, color, and movement of these ungainly beasts he has endeavored to portray in preparing this specimen, and he believes with some success.

Now, Elliott spent considerable time studying these animals in 1872–'73, and his pictures are the result. My own work is the result of a fairly good observation on one occasion of eight walruses, a rather limited view on another, and talks with people living on the islands. It seems somewhat strange, in view of "W. H. D.'s" description of these pictures as caricatures, that Mr. Elliott and myself should reach practically the same conclusion, though our observations were nearly twenty years apart and intended for different and definite purposes.

The conclusion may easily be reached that possibly the views of Mr. D. on this subject may not be unbiassed. The Taxidermist.

Washington, September 26, 1893.

[We have referred the above letter to "W. H. D.," and now subjoin his reply. —Ed. Nation.]

"In regard to the preparation of the walrus in the National Museum collection, the writer's intention was to criticise the taxidermist's opportunities, and not his ability. The animal in question was obtained at Walrus Island, near St. Paul, Bering Sea, by Capt. Coulson, in August, 1890. The Walrus Island herd is a small one, which in twenty years has not exceeded fifteen or twenty individuals. It has long been known that it contains only old males, who have separated from their kind and are in a state of senile degeneration. The writer has examined these animals, as others have, from a distance with an opera-glass, and his opinion is that neither Mr. Elliott's sketches nor the singularly similar mounted animal in question well represent even these old males. But if the taxidermist had been with the writer in the midst of a herd of several hundred in the full vigor of their prime, had looked into their red eyes and trumpet-shaped nostrils within an oar's length, and noted their movements, agile as those of a seal, he would realize that what he has seen is to the walrus at its best much as a statue of the drunken Silenus is to the Hermes of Olympia. The most prominent feature of a walrus on the alert, *i. e.*, the funicular nostrils, is not represented in any figure, drawing, or mounted specimen in any museum of Europe or America. If the National Museum specimen represents Mr. Palmer's idea of 'movement' in the walrus, one is tempted to ask how he would convey the idea of complete collapse!"

GRADUATE COURSES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: We desire to correct through the *Nation* an error in the table on pp. 12, 13 of 'Graduate Courses,' edited by Graduate Students' Clubs of Cornell, Harvard, Johns Hopkins, and Yale, and just published by Ginn & Co. In 1892–93 Columbia had 185 graduate students in its faculties of philosophy, political science, and mines, and three degrees of Ph.D. were given in 1892. The numbers of graduate students given in the first column of our table are in so far not directly comparable as in different universities different disciplines are included in the "Graduate Department." The insufficiency of numbers to convey a true idea of the relative value of the different universities to a particular student led us to insist in the preface that our book was not intended to afford a basis for comparisons.

Respectfully yours,

A. W. Weysse, Secretary,
Harvard Committee on "Graduate Courses."

Cambridge, September 8, 1893.

ENGLISH HISTORY FOR AMERICAN READERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your review of Higginson and Channing's History you suggest that in future editions the existence of Darwin, Spencer, Kelvin, should not be ignored. May I venture to add the names of Dalton, Joule, and Maxwell? I think it will be admitted that the influence of their work upon our Anglo-Saxon thought has been profound and far-reaching.

Ought we not to acknowledge, also, that the influences from our "old home" have been powerful in the economic and humanitarian movements of our time—freedom of commerce, sanitation, prevention of cruelty to animals and children, the organization of charity, the emancipation of women, coöperation, friendly societies, etc.? Nor, if the coming generation is to grasp the true state of the case, should our return influence on the people of Britain be lost sight of, notably in matters of political organization and mechanical improvements.—Yours truly, Herbert Mott.

Providence, R. I., September 27, 1893.

HAMILTON'S KNOWLEDGE OF FRENCH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In his communication entitled "Randolph and Talleyrand," in your paper of last week, Mr. M. D. Conway, deeming the negative fact important to his purpose, says: "Unfortunately, Hamilton did not understand French." This statement surprised me, as I had always supposed that Alexander Hamilton's familiarity with the French language was universally known as a not insignificant item in his biography, his mother having been French. Furthermore, I knew that in memoirs of our Revolution, both French and English, Hamilton's usefulness to Washington as an intermedium between him and the French officers is often mentioned. See, for example, the 'Voyages' of the Marquis de Chastellux (Paris, 1788, tome i, pp. 311, 312). In his account of a visit he paid to Gen. Schuyler, the Marquis incidentally gives a brief sketch of the career of the General's son-in-law, Hamilton. From this sketch I transcribe a few words: "Dès lors la correspondance avec les Français, dont il parle et écrit parfaitement bien la langue, les détails de toute espèce, politiques et militaires, dont il fut chargé," etc.

From the use to which Mr. Conway applies Gen. Hamilton's assumed ignorance of French it seems worth while to make this correction. Doubtless there are many persons in New York able to correct the mistake, though they may not be able at once to lay their hand on a testimony so conclusive as this of the Marquis de Chastellux.—I am, respectfully yours,

R. E. W.

176 Federal Street, Allegheny, Pa.,
September 27, 1893.

SEX AND INHERITANCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* of September 7, W. A. Stille challenges a position which one would not suppose needed challenge but for the fact that it is frequently assumed by good writers. Even such a woman as Harriet Prescott Spofford, than whom no one can be more devoted to the advancement of women, has blemished the pages of that most excellent book of hers called 'Home and Hearth' with this false philosophy. She argues:

"There is every reason that the masculine brain should be the superior up to the present moment, whether it is or not. Greater opportunity, in having at first no one to provide for but himself, and afterwards the necessity for fighting for what he would have, produced in man greater physical strength. Greater physical strength, then, made man master when no one thought of brains; the habit of mastery creates responsibility and fosters intellect. Having mastery, the man has placed himself in every favorable condition. . . . Has there been money to descend, it has descended to the son. Many exercises of the intellect, many studies, the culture of art and of philosophy, need money for their pursuit; it is the son and not the daughter that has had it. . . .

"The habit of receiving education has been for centuries, then, a masculine habit, almost as it were by special grant, in spite of the comparatively few instances of scholarly women. And as some forms of training are so disciplinary that what was education in sire becomes like intuition in son, sex itself might

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be said to have exercised influence, and made the masculine brain at this date the superior" (pp. 167-9).

"It does not militate against their right to happiness if women are not the intellectual equals of men; but few will seriously deny that they are capable of developing into equals, and that it is the fault of men that they have not done so. When women have had the intellectual training for generations that men have had, so that if education itself does not become instinct, the habits of education do—when they have had for such time the same freedom, the friction, and the scope, equality will no longer be a matter of question" (p. 136).

In other words, inheritance along the line of sex seems to be assumed by the writer without question. I have always been taught that when inheritance was not from both parents, it very frequently, if not more frequently, was from father to daughter and from mother to son; and if education plays a part in inheritance, we should be inclined to pity the sons rather than the daughters of uneducated women.

Even Mrs. Spofford seems to admit this idea when she gets away from the past and her theories as to it, and regards the present and the future and what the advancement of women may do for coming generations:

"Their upward movement in the last two generations is already seen in its reaction on men, for it is impossible that their continued aspiration and struggle and achievement should not have had effect on their sons. Another century may see yet greater marvels than the present, since men only attain the whole of their own rights and a possibility for the whole of their growth when they inherit from the side of their mothers as well as from that of their fathers a complete and trained intellectual force" (p. 171).

GEORGE HEMPL.

ANN ARBOR, September 22, 1893.

WAS COPERNICUS A GERMAN?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your review of Mr. Oliver Lodge's book on the 'Pioneers of Science,' I was quite surprised to read that the father of Copernicus—and Copernicus himself necessarily too—was believed to have been a German. I had always taken it for a well-established fact that Copernicus was a Pole by birth and nationality. Copernicus is merely a Latinized form of the original name Kopernik, which corresponds with it in sound; and Kopernik is not a German, but a Slavonic name. It is not Polish, but Bohemian, and in the light of documentary evidence the family of the Koperniks can really be traced back to Bohemian ancestry. The *zemani* (knights) of Kopernik were Bohemian noblemen whose name appears in the historical records of the fourteenth century, and has been preserved to this day in the name of the Bohemian village Kopernik, th ir former seat, situated between the cities of Kosmonosy and Bakov in northeastern Bohemia. In the records of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the name can no longer be found, but a clue to its disappearance may be found in the archives of the city of Cracow. From the 'Acta Consularia Cracoviensia' (Proceedings of the Cracow City Council), *ad annum* 1396, we learn that A. D. 1396 citizenship was conferred upon Nicolaus Kopernik. The attesting witness, a citizen of Cracow named Dambrova, testifies that Nicolaus Kopernik had come to Cracow from Bohemia. This testimony is highly important. It is corroborated by the Bohemian origin of the name Kopernik, derived from the word *kopr*.

Historically, the naturalization of Nicolaus can easily be explained. The relations of the two Slavonic kingdoms, Bohemia and Poland, and notedly of the two great cities of Prague and Cracow, were friendly, and, as the two languages do not very materially differ, Mr. Nicolaus Kopernik found little difficulty in establishing himself at Cracow and finally obtaining its citizenship. He probably emigrated to Cracow towards the end of the fourteenth century. His family evidently was Bohemian, bnt his sons and grandsons spoke Polish. One of his grandsons, the eldest, also named Nicolaus (the frequent occurrence of this name in the Kopernik family is not to be overlooked), left Cracow in 1462 and settled at Thorn, where, on the 19th of February, 1464, his son Nicolaus, the great astronomer, was born.

These facts show pretty clearly, I think, that both Copernicus and his father were Poles of Bohemian ancestry, and, therefore, doubly Slavs. I add some minor facts which may throw more light upon this question: The coat-of-arms of the Bohemian Koperniks bears the figure of a man: so does the escutcheon of Copernicus. Copernicus went to study at a Polish University, Cracow, in preference to that of Leipzig, and when in Italy, at the University of Padua, he registered as a Pole and not as a German. J. J. KRÁL.

CHICAGO, ILL., September 18, 1893.

[If our correspondent has not heard of Copernicus being called a German, then he has not heard of perhaps the bitterest and most loud-resounding literary dispute of our day. We simply followed the authority of Prowe, whose great biography in three volumes (Berlin, 1883, 1884) occupied many years of its author's life, and was, we fancy, chiefly written in Thorn. Prowe says that until the father Niklas married Barbara Watzelrode, the family was "ein durch und durch deutsches Geschlecht." The greatest living historian of mathematics, Moritz Cantor, in a letter published in the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* for August 1, 1876, fully sustains this opinion. It has further been defended by Max Curtze, Perlbach, A. Knoetel, and S. Günther. The Italians, who almost lead Europe upon questions of the history of science, seem to favor the German side. All the arguments advanced by our correspondent will be found fully considered in the above works.

Although Greek was not taught in Cracow, writings brought to light in 1873 show that Copernicus had more knowledge in that direction than one would suspect from the 'De Revolutionibus.' He gives a Greek form of his name, Νικολαυς ὁ Κοπφερνικος, showing that he understood the first two syllables to mean *copper*. The astronomer's family, in fact, was a family of coppersmiths; by copper they had made a fortune. Now, the Thorn directory for 1422 shows that Margaret Koppernigk had business connections in the town of Frankenstein in Silesia, and in other ways the family has been traced to that point. Near that town is a hamlet named Köpernick, where there is an old copper-mine. This neighborhood is distinctly German, and always has been so, although it is on the very border of Bohemia, and was at one time in the kingdom of Bohemia.

As for the assertion that Copernicus was registered as a Pole at Padua, that was investigated, at the instance of Prince Boncompagni, by Favaro, and found utterly baseless. On the other hand, Carlo Malagola, in his admirable work on Urceo Codro, showed that "Niccolò Kopperlingk di Thorn" had registered as a law student at Bologna in the album of the "Nazione Al manna." This may not prove much, but it is, at least, not an invention. As for such coat-of-arms as this family of coppersmiths may have used, it can prove nothing at all. They never were ennobled. It may be granted that Copernicus (ἀνὴρ παντὸς λόγου κρείττων, Scaliger called him) was, as a member of the Polish Parliament, a sturdy adversary of the Teutonic knights. But, on his father's side, the evidence seems to be that his blood was German.

We take this opportunity to correct an inadvertence not pointed out by our correspondent, by which, in the notice under discussion, we spoke of the bishopric of "Regensburg" in place of Ermeland.—ED. NATION.]

THE DIVISION OF WORDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you allow me a few words on one of the subjects mentioned in a communication from me in the *Nation* of August 31? What you then said in answer to my objections to the division of words in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* seems to conflict with your practice, which is in accordance with the rule laid down by Lindley Murray and followed by the English press everywhere. This rule is to divide according to etymology, and, when this makes no demands, then *on the vowel*, as it is called, unless in the case of two or more consonants. Apparently, in the United States, the only rule followed is that of pronunciation, and this leads sometimes, even in the works of our best publishers, to such divisions as *noth-ing*. This has a high flavor of illiteracy, but I can't see that it is worse than some of the cases quoted, viz., *physiol-ogy*, *prom-ising*, etc.

You say truly that the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* is not an official publication, nor is it published at a university press; but a magazine issued under the sanction of a picked body of graduates, with a long list of distinguished officers and council, would never take shelter under such a plea, nor would these consider themselves otherwise than responsible for the reputation of their university.

Possibly your learned correspondent "F. H." might give us some light on this subject.

H. U., '31.

[We should not like to have our own practice scrutinized too closely for consistency. A narrow column like the *Nation's* precludes the uniformity which may be exacted in book-work. Some of our first printing-houses fall under our correspondent's censure, but for ourselves we regard the question rather as one of taste than of literacy. An authoritative treatise to harmonize usage is wanting.—ED. NATION.]

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Notes.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS have in press Mrs. Burnett's autobiography, 'The One I Knew Best of All'; the 'Memoirs of Chancellor Pasquier,' in three volumes; 'Customs and Fashions in Old New England,' by Mrs. Alice Morse Earle; and 'University Football,' by James R. Church.

Mr. George Haven Putnam will publish, through the firm of which he is head, 'Authors and their Public in Ancient Times'—to the invention of printing. The same firm have in preparation 'Wayside Music,' a collection of lyrics and sonnets by Charles H. Crandall.

Mr. Charles Dexter Allen's work on American bookplates will bear the imprint of Macmillan & Co.

Brentano's autumn list embraces 'Love in Letters,' compiled by Henri Pène du Bois, and illustrated by Frank M. Gregory; 'Modern Scientific Whist,' by C. D. P. Hamilton; and 'How to Keep Young,' by James E. Kelly.

A translation of Bertha Meyer's 'The Child, Physically and Mentally,' by Friederike Salomon, will be issued in November by M. L. Holbrook.

Ginn & Co. announce 'The Ethics of Hegel,' translated and edited by Prof. J. Macbride Sterrett, of Columbian University.

It is not easy to guess the *raison d'être* of Mr. Frederick A. Ober's 'In the Wake of Columbus' (D. Lothrop Co.), though the author qualifies himself as "Special Commissioner sent by the World's Columbian Exposition to the West Indies." The book seems to be a farrago of personal experiences in visiting the various places connected with the career of Columbus, combined with a certain amount of historical misinformation, the whole written in a slipshod style, and illustrated with a large number of woodcuts of very various degrees of intelligibility. It is difficult to comprehend how any one who has visited Spain should, in reviewing the history of the Peninsula, omit the Romans from a list of the invaders commencing with the Phœnicians and ending with the Moors (p. 5), or speak (p. 6) of "Castilian armies" sweeping down "from the Asturias and the Pyrenees" to the work of the reconquest, or tell us that "at last the union of Ferdinand and Isabella joined the forces of Leon and Castile."

Prof. Williston Walker's 'Creeds and Platforms of Congregationalism' (Scribners) is a collection of twenty documents illustrating the progressive theology of the Congregational churches, from Robert Browne's 'Booke which Sheweth the life and manners of all true Christians and howe unlike they are unto Turkes and Papistes and Heathen folke,' down to the "Commission Creed" of 1883. In every case the original is followed even in the smallest details of typography, and this, with the running historical comment and exposition, makes the volume one which the theological student, for whom it is mainly intended, should welcome.

Several years ago we expressed a favorable opinion of Dr. Douglas Graham's 'Treatise on Massage.' 'Recent Developments in Massage,' by the same author (Detroit: George S. Davis), is a pamphlet that may be taken as a supplement to that volume. The style is not dignified, but the substance deserves serious consideration for the importance of its communications.

As a rule, books on professional topics for unprofessional readers are worthless in matter or unintelligible to them in construction. A marked exception is 'A Chapter on Cholera for Lay Readers,' by Walter Vought, Ph.B., M.D. (Philadelphia: The F. A. Davis Co.), which may be safely and heartily commended for its real worth and its lucidity. Holding it to be absolutely proved that the specific cause of cholera is the comma bacillus, which is the best working hypothesis and is almost universally accepted as the true theory of this grave and formerly misunderstood disease, Dr. Vought notes simply and assuringly the conditions that foster and those that destroy this germ. He emphasizes what cannot be too widely known, that the disease is contracted only by the entrance of this bacillus, derived from the discharges of the sick, into the mouth, and that complete disinfection of those discharges will effectively prevent an epidemic. The natural history of the disease is clearly described, and a special report is made of the viability of the germ in the ordinary articles of food, with explicit directions as to the best methods of disinfection for individuals and for communities. As its mystery is reduced, both the fear and the danger that belong to cholera are diminished, and this little work should be a valuable help in popularizing such knowledge. It may be depended upon, and it can be understood.

The outbreak, or the fear, of an epidemic of cholera is too frequently the signal for the issue of a new edition of an old writing. It is therefore very gratifying to find that Dr. Roberts Bartholow, a well-known therapeutist, has prepared for his professional brethren a monograph on the nature and treatment of that disease which is a perfectly new work, and which discards everything not bearing upon the disease as now understood, and includes the latest observations of medical science. 'Cholera' (Philadelphia: Lea Brothers) is a good book on an important subject.

'The Soil in Relation to Health,' by H. A. Miers and R. Crosskey, with illustrations (Macmillan), is a brief but admirable treatise on this branch of hygiene. It has long been recognized that the natural soil, and of course the ground charged with artificial products, is an important factor in public health; but we are not familiar with any connected discussion of the subject except as a section of systematic treatises. A handy volume like this, whether for reference or for direct study, is a useful accession to the literature, and this particular book is clear in expression, convenient in arrangement, and accurate in statement. The only omission that we note is that of the influence of continuous high soil-temperature upon the causation of diarrhœal disease.

'A Ready Reckoner of the World's Foreign and Colonial Exchanges' (Putnams) is a handbook of 164 pages, designed to simplify the present cumbrous methods of computing international exchange. The book is a sequel to a work previously compiled by the same author, Mr. J. H. Norman, of the London Chamber of Commerce, which was favorably received by all financial authorities. Mr. Norman's plea is for a reckoning of exchange values on the simple basis of intrinsic gold value of standard coins. The London par of exchange on Paris, for example, is to be computed by dividing the franc's weight in pure gold by that of the pound sterling, and multiplying by the number of pounds to be exchanged into francs. The deviation from par, due to transmission charges, cost of recoinage, money interest, broker's profit, or other causes, is then reckoned in as a premium or discount, as the case may be, on this result. The process for computing exchange on silver-standard countries is identical in principle, the first step in this computation being the division of the pure silver in the standard coin by the existing ratio between gold and silver. The silver coin is thus reduced to its equivalent in pure gold, after which the computation is similar to that of exchange between gold-using countries. Mr. Norman's principle is undoubtedly sound, and furnishes the only absolutely accurate method for reckoning foreign exchange. The second and larger part of the book is given up to tables of monetary signs and mint-issue weights, through which ready reckoning of all exchange values, on the above principles, is facilitated.

Parts 13–24 of 'Famous Composers and their Works' (Boston: J. B. Millet Co.; New York: Henry T. Thomas) begin with the conclusion of the notice of Wagner and end in the midst of the notice of Chopin. After Wagner, there is a summary of Music in Germany, in its turn succeeded by an account of the Netherland masters, and then Palestrina leads the Italian biographies and corresponding résumé. Lully introduces the French composers. Among these, for musical weight, J. J. Rousseau could certainly not claim a place; but he ought not to have been overlooked in the sketch of Rameau, and in reviewing the progress of music in France there should have been something more than incidental mention of the author of "Le Devin du Village," words and music both, of the 'Dictionnaire de la Musique,' and of the famous Letter on French Music, which is in itself a literary classic. It ought never to be forgotten that Rousseau was led to Paris and to literary fame by his musical p ssion, and that besides inventing a new method of musical notation he maintained his independence by copying music. A page of his musical autograph would have found an appropriate place among similar facsimiles in this handsome publication. The parts before us abound in portraits, views, and specimen pieces of music.

Mr. H. H. Bancroft's 'Book of the Fair' has reached its third part (Chicago: The Bancroft Co.; New York: Rhule, Thomas & Co.). The text comprehends even the naval review and parade in New York, and begins a detailed account of the Exposition with the Government and Administration Departments. The illustrations continue to be numerous and very helpful.

The third of the forty parts of Mr. William C. Harris's 'Fishes of North America that are Caught on Hook and Line' has just appeared (New York: Harris Publishing Co.). Nominally issued monthly, these instalments have met with provoking delays on account of the difficulties in the chromolithographic illustrations from original oil paintings, and it is nearly two years since Part 2 was issued. The genuine fisherman is doubtless more possessed of the patience necessary to bear such waiting than those who are bored by angling all day without a bite. The two plates in the present number represent the pike and the hybrid trout.

Another *recueil* from the inexhaustible Librairie de l'Art, viz., 'Peintres de Genre Contemporains' in two parts (Macmillan). It must be said of the hundred examples displayed that they possess rather more interest than the collection of landscapes which preceded them. They illustrate several schools and some great names, and several American artists are represented in the sketches, which vary greatly in carefulness as well as in the mode of production.

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Japan, besides spending more than half a million dollars in order to be well represented at the World's Fair, has issued a little stack of publications. The 'General View of Commerce and Industry in the Empire of Japan' is a volume of nearly five hundred pages, in English, bound in silk and well printed, though the proof-reading has been badly done. It has a map of the empire and diagrams of the chief ports and cities, an outline of geography and resources, and a readable history of the foreign trade of the country, with abundant statistics, rules relating to custom-houses, ministers, and consuls. Especially valuable is the conspectus of Japanese and American trade, with all necessary details, from 1887 to 1891, together with the text of the treaties and regulations. The catalogues published include those treating of agricultural objects, education, weights and measures, manufactured articles, record of the national educational society, with an historical volume entitled 'Outlines of the Modern Education in Japan.' Two folio pamphlets tell of the 'Organization of the Meteorological System,' and give a 'Report on Earthquake Observations in Japan.' The former is the magnificent development on a national scale of an office opened in 1872 for tridaily observations; the latter, besides rich textual description and illustrations of apparatus, gives thirty-one maps on which, by means of colored and shaded lines, the great earthquakes since 1885 are figured. All these are Government publications.

M. Émile Terquem, the representative at Jackson Park of the well-known Paris Publishers' Club, has just presented in its name to the Cornell University library, apropos of the quarter-centennial celebration at Ithaca, a goodly parcel of books. Among the publishers participating in the gift are Ollendorff, Jouvet, Colin, Hachette, Delalain, Alcan, Hetzel, Delagrave, Masson, and Plon, and among the volumes may be mentioned Marshal MacDonald's 'Souvenirs,' Janet and Séailles's 'Histoire de la Philosophie,' Flammarion's 'Mars,' Mme. de Witt's 'Les Femmes dans l'Histoire,' Henri Martin's 'Les Capétiens et la France Féodale,' and the useful work on copyright by MM. Lyon Caen and Delalain reviewed by us at the time of its publication.

The campaigns of the year 1864 chiefly are exemplified in the sheets of Parts 17, 18 of the Atlas now issuing from the War Department, and among these Virginia has a large share, thanks to that excellent Confederate topographer, Capt. Jed. Hotchkiss. Sherman's campaign from Atlanta to Goldsborough, N. C., is also illustrated. We may further enumerate maps of the defences of Washington and of the approaches to New Orleans, and a large-scale plan of Richmond.

The Münster and Dresden sheets of Vogel's Map of the German Empire (Westermann) bring the end of this important work in sight, as only the Hanover, Stuttgart, and Munich sheets remain to fill Parts 13 and 14.

The recent bringing to light (or to remembrance, for it is in the British Museum) of the stoneware bust of Pepys's wife, lends interest to the paper on white salt-glazed ware in the illustrated series on "Old English Pottery" now running in the *Portfolio*. The August number has a fine specimen in the bust of Prince Rupert by John Dwight of Fulham.

Mr. F. Gutekunst's imperial panel photograph of Edward Eggleston is a shade less satisfactory than the notable series to which it belongs. It fails to suggest the large stature of the novelist; but we cannot say that the focussing of the plate is responsible for that.

—In the composition of *Harper's* for October the zest and charm of foreign travel and exploration play a leading part. Col. Dodge continues his now somewhat bewildering enumeration of the various characteristics of Eastern breeds of horses and their riders. Mrs. Pennell describes still another French town, Toulouse, in its typical summer brilliancy. Mr. Davis, in his usual fluent fashion, sketches the Oxford undergraduate in his hours of ease and mischief. Of far greater interest is the leading article, in which Mr. Weeks begins the story of the ill-fated caravan journey from the Black Sea to the Persian Gulf in which Mr. Child met his death. The present instalment, covering the ride from Trebizond to Tabreez, is only the prologue, but the tragic note is distinctly heard or felt throughout, and the strong relief into which Oriental picturesqueness throws personal peril recalls parts of Huc's famous and brilliant narrative of adventurous travel in the Farther East. Of domestic interest are Mr. Janvier's description of Lispenard's Meadows, another almost forgotten part of that strange New York which only old men remember, and Carl Schurz's clear definition, called forth by the recent attempt to "boom" a wild scheme of annexation, of what our "manifest destiny" seems to him to be. In brief, we may let the tropics alone, look only northwards for territorial extension, and preserve freedom, prosperity, and power; or we may yield to the allurements of the tropics and embark on a career of rapid deterioration, leading to a "future of turbulence, demoralization, and final decay." Miss Woolson's novel comes in this number to an ambiguous conclusion, and William Black's "The Handsome Humes" draws nigh to a characteristic ending.

—The October *Century*, with which the magazine completes its twenty-third year, is faithful to tradition in that its greatest interest lies in biographical and historical articles. Of these the chief in real importance may perhaps be the first half of the manuscript diary of Admiral Cockburn's secretary, kept on the voyage which consigned Napoleon to St. Helena. Nothing new or strange, however, appears so far in the very prim and very British account of the secretary's observations in regard to the "actions and conversation of Bonaparte, once the scourge of mankind." The officers on board evidently regarded and treated Napoleon as upper servants might treat their young master in disgrace—with mingled severity and servility. The Emperor himself meanwhile preserved his customary demeanor and habits of life, greatly shocking the secretary and his superiors by his first instinctive surprise at being given only the honors due a retired British general, by his playing at cards of a Sunday evening, and by his frank avowal of his proposal to end by opium the sufferings of the dying French at Jaffa who had to fall into the hands of the savage troops of Djezza Pasha. Not less strongly than Napoleon's unique personality in the martinet pages of the Admiral's secretary shine out in two other articles the familiar traits of Whitman and Salvini—those of Whitman in characteristic letters to his family from Washington in the early years of the war; those of Salvini in the concluding leaves from his autobiography. The latter has been throughout exceedingly pleasant reading, for Salvini's buoyant self-confidence and simple acceptance of his own power and rank give his narrative extraordinary vigor, while preserving it from the reproach of mere egotism or garrulousness. The leading article is Mr. Flynt's vivid account of his wanderings with German tramps. It is with patriotic pride that we learn of their inferiority to the American species.

—The fiction in the current *Atlantic* is dialectic to a degree that suggests the Tower of Babel, and, what with Yankee, Calabrian, and the jargon of the Tennessee mountains, makes the reader almost yearn for the good old-fashioned plan which innocently made all races and peoples use—so long as they figured in literature—the same conventional and intelligible means of communication. The bulk of the number consists of what Mr. Howells calls "contemporanics"—articles on subjects more or less alive in popular interest. One discusses the Central American Isthmus and its bearing on sea power, and others the humiliating failure of Tilden's will to insure the carrying into effect of his vague charitable plans, and the famous Electoral Commission of 1877. The most pertinent is an account of the Scandinavian, but almost hopelessly un-American, system for dispensing liquor to the community by corporations designated and organized by the community, for the investigation of which a commission has already been appointed in Massachusetts. Mr. Apthorp writes exhaustively of classicity in music and of Robert Franz and the late Otto Dresel. The only article that deals with literature is Prof. Jebbs's statement of the permanent influence exerted by Greek poetry.

—Conspicuous in the table of contents of *Scribner's* are the names of Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Howells. The former contributes an introductory note to his grandfather's reminiscences of Scott, whose guide and companion he had been in a northern voyage made in 1814 in the yacht of the Lighthouse Commissioners. The latter devotes a long article to expounding the mysteries of the business side of an author's life. Mr. Howells's successful career as a professional man of letters, and the well-known piquancy of some of his views in regard to the practice of his art, make all he says interesting and well worth the attention of all who are entering the trade of which he is past master. Only three of the points he makes, however, are so unexpected or so characteristic as to demand comment here. First, Mr. Howells insists throughout that the man of letters inevitably degrades himself and his art by bartering for money, as modern life forces him to do, that which by its very nature refuses to be weighed and priced in the terms of commerce. Second, the man of letters belongs economically to the great class of laborers and artisans, rather than to that of the middlemen, and should feel a genuine sympathy and kinship for them. Third, it is urged that the highest class of readers are to-day the readers of the magazines; that it is an "antiquated and ignorant prejudice which stamps the magazines as ephemeral"; and that literary reputations made through contributions to the magazines are far less likely to be fallacious than those made through books. This may in a way be true, so far as novel-writing goes, but literature is more than a good story here and there, and we should be loath to believe that the ministers of our amusements have so soon become the absolute masters of all our literary interests.

—In 'The Ancient Ways: Winchester Fifty Years Ago' (Macmillan), the Rev. W. Tuckwell has taken advantage of the recent celebration of the five-hundredth anniversary of his old school to print some pleasantly written reminiscences of his own time there. The

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pretty little volume with its illustrations appeals, of course, chiefly to Wykehamists; but it contains what perhaps entitles it to a niche in the literature of the history of education, and that is a more complete account of the practice of "fagging" in its palmy days than is anywhere else easily accessible. Mr. Tuckwell—as we need hardly say of so good a Radical and so true a lover of flowers and gentle things—condemns the system unsparingly, chiefly by means of a simple recital of his own experiences: "Slavery is the only word which summed the three years' experience of a college junior. The details, whether cruel or grotesque, were all so contrived as to stamp upon the young boy's mind his grade of servile inferiority, and his dedication to the single virtue of abject, unquestioning obedience." Yet, as he remarks, it was "the best corrective," when once "the initial blunder" was fallen into of "leaving a mob of boys to self-government during great part of the day." A book like this helps us to understand how it was that such evils could arise as marked the beginnings of the factory system: the men of two generations ago were brutal in the treatment of the children not only of the poor but of their own class. It may be noticed that even the "ancient customs" of Harvard contained rules which might easily have developed into a fagging system like that of the great English schools; such as the rule that "all freshmen shall be obliged to go on any errand for any of their seniors." The ages at which boys entered Harvard and Winchester a century ago were probably not very different.

—'La Vita Italiana nel Rinascimento' is the publication of certain lectures delivered at Florence in 1892. They are third in a still continuing series of popular talks on Italian life, literature, and art. Preceding the present volume there has appeared one entitled 'Gli Albori della Vita Italiana,' and another, 'Vita Italiana nel Trecento'; the conferences of the present year were on the 'Cinquecento.' The publishers are Fratelli Treves, Milan. The titles of the several volumes suggest the scope and purpose of the whole series: too summary to aid much the scholar, it is, nevertheless, a useful compendium for the general public. The volume in hand deals in three parts, roughly equal, with history, literature, and art during the fourteenth century. The methods are naturally more suggestive than exact. According to Signor Masi, the Italians of the Quattrocento were the typical Renaissance people, and, among the Italians, *par excellence* the Florentines, and among the Florentines the Medici, and among the Medici Lorenzo the Magnificent. By this somewhat facile method of elimination, accordingly, study of the Italian Renaissance is reduced for the most part to a study of the immediate time and surroundings of Lorenzo de' Medici. His own poetry is the characteristic Renaissance lyric; his tutor, Politian, the characteristic humanist; his somewhat neglected protégé, Leonardo da Vinci, the characteristic artist. Certainly this concentration of interests, if from a scholarly point of view dubious, is conducive to sharpness of outline and to unity. Of Lorenzo as the protagonist of the Renaissance, there is much florid eulogy in the volume. Signor Masi, in his opening essay, does not hesitate to revive in its fullest intention the contemporary epithet of *pater patriæ*. Signor Nencioni compares the poetry of Lorenzo with that of Robert Burns. Lorenzo's shortcomings are ascribed to the spirit of the times; his excellences to his own credit. In fact, the whole volume, with one exception, has overmuch of the air of the rostrum: the lecturers hardly aim higher than their readers' ears. The exception is Vernon Lee's interesting account of the sculpture of the Renaissance. As usual, this gifted writer handles her subject in the large, running easily up and down the ages and bringing side by side their respective ideals, manners, methods, in such wise that we are enabled to compare them in a single *coup d'œil*, like specimens in a museum. For this essay alone the volume is worth examining.

MACH'S SCIENCE OF MECHANICS.

The Science of Mechanics: A Critical and Historical Exposition of its Principles. By Dr. Ernst Mach, Professor of Physics in the University of Prague. Translated by Thomas J. McCormack. With 250 illustrations. Chicago: *Open Court* Publishing Company. 1893.

Dr. Ernst Mach's 'Die Mechanik in ihrer Entwickelung historisch-kritisch dargestellt' has for its ostensible purpose elementary instruction in the principles of mechanics. A secondary purpose is to narrate the history of that science. The ulterior design is to illustrate the author's views of the philosophy of science. This is the vital spark of the book; and doubtless this it is which recommends it to those who by "homilies" and "catechism" are engaged in propagating a "religion of science."

Considered as a history of mechanics, the work is admirable. It mentions all the great steps in the development of the science, down, at least, to 1847; it sets forth their nature, and explains them so lucidly that every reader will easily get a general understanding of them. We do not mean to defend all the criticisms upon the reasonings of Archimedes, of Galileo, of Newton, of Lagrange, of Gauss, and of many others, which cannot always meet the assent either of physicists or of logicians. Thus, when Mach objects to the assumption of Archimedes, that two equal weights at the ends of two equal arms of a lever will balance, that it is not evident, because the different colors of the lever-arms might affect the phenomenon, the obvious reply is that Archimedes did not mean that the two weights would balance in spite of everything. He did not mean, for instance, that nobody could push or blow one side down; nor, when we repeat the statement to-day, do we mean to deny that the magnetism of the lever might interfere with the experiment. When a physicist says that a certain phenomenon will happen under certain general conditions, he never means that no circumstances can possibly prevent it. What Archimedes meant was to lay down a proposition in regard to the geometrical relations of lever-arms to which nobody could object. Nor was he writing about the theory of cognition. He said nothing about the origin of the belief. He simply put forth the proposition as one to which, it was safe to assume, every sane man would assent.

Again, Galileo, being not much over twenty years old, investigated the law of falling bodies. It was not until he was past the age of eighty, and with failing powers, that he wrote out his reasonings. One point he made was that if the velocity of a falling body were proportional to the distance it had fallen from a state of rest, then, after it had fallen a unit of distance in a finite time, it would in precisely the same time have fallen double that distance. But the aged Galileo had evidently forgotten how the young Galileo had reached that conclusion, and his attempt to reproduce his former reasoning is impotent. Nevertheless, that conclusion does truly follow from that assumption. Mach flatly denies this, but he is wrong. Galileo's original reasoning was probably somewhat like this: Imagine two bodies, which we may designate as Achilles and the tortoise, to have fallen from the same height, but at such instants that at another and given instant the tortoise has fallen one yard and Achilles two. Then, on the assumption that the velocities are proportional to the spaces fallen from rest, Achilles will be falling twice as fast as the tortoise. Now, Galileo could easily show that this implies that Achilles had at *every* instant been twice as far from the starting point and had been falling twice as fast as the tortoise. Consequently, Achilles must have performed his total fall of two yards in the same time that the tortoise performed his total fall of one yard. But both bodies are supposed to fall by the same law. Hence, this is a law which would make them fall one foot in the same time as two feet. These instances illustrate how important it is that the reader should be upon his guard against Mach's very inaccurate reasoning.

The author declares that it is quite impossible to get a full comprehension of the different mechanical principles without being acquainted with the discussions which originally led to their acceptance. Probably he would extend the same remark to many other sciences. We might name this the embryological principle in pedagogy, since the embryologists inform us that each individual animal has in his growth to pass through a series of transformations which roughly copy those through which his race has passed in the pal ontological development. No doubt, this principle is important in teaching all those subjects in which the conceptions are really difficult, such as metaphysics, logic, ethics, political economy, and several branches of mathematics. Yet it might very easily be carried too far, and it probably has been carried too far in this very treatise. If a student's sole object is to learn mechanics as thoroughly and quickly as possible, there are certainly text-books enough in our own language which would better serve his turn.

For a good many years Germany has in philosophical matters been quite as anglomaniac as England and Anglo-Saxon America have been tudescomaniac. Dr. Mach's metaphysics belongs to the good old Lockian sect of sensationalism. The proposition that all our knowledge rests upon and represents experience is nowadays accepted by sensualists and their opponents alike, the latter taking "experience," in its ultimate sense, for whatever has been forced upon our minds, willy-nilly, in the course of our intellectual history. To major force we can only submit, and it is idle to dispute the reality of such things as food, money, beds, shoes, friends, enemies, sunshine, etc. But the anti-sensationalists, or perhaps the most advanced of them, say that, having once surrendered to the power of nature, and having allowed the futile ego in some measure to dissolve, man at once finds himself in synectic union with the circumambient non-ego, and partakes in its triumph. On the simple condition of obedience to the laws of nature, he can satisfy many of his selfish desires; a further surrender will bring him the higher delight of realizing to some extent his ideas; a still further surrender confers upon him the function of coöperating with nature and the course of things to grow new ideas and institutions. Al-

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most everybody will admit there is truth in this: the question is how fundamental that truth may be. There are those who hold that while the brute compulsiveness of things may be said to constitute their reality, yet the whole fact of reality, with the relation of the ego to the non-ego, is not described until the individual Will is recognized as merging into the environing non-ego, as the individual instant of time merges into its past and future. For these thinkers, the line between fact and figment (which may or may not resemble and represent fact); so far as it can be drawn at all, is to be drawn between the involuntary and the voluntary parts of cognition; so that products of sense-perception—this chair, this table, this inkstand—belong to the realm of unquestionable reality. But they do not fail to remark that the process of compulsion exercised by the non-ego upon the ego is not altogether instantaneous. A part of it is continued through centuries. Nor is this compulsion always definitive. Resolute endeavor, aided by ingenuity and by favorable experiences, will often succeed in throwing off a part of the yoke. As for *immediate* experience, the individual sensation, it is the affair of an instant; it is transformed before it can be recognized; it is known to us as immediate only inferentially.

The sensationalists, and Dr. Mach with them, draw the line between fact and figment otherwise. Individual sensation is for them the only reality; all that results from the elaborative action of the mind is unreal. "Nature," says Mach, "is composed of sensations." A chair or a table is not real. "The *thing*," he tells us, "is only an abstraction." And again: "The world is not composed of things as its elements, but of colors, tones, pressures, . . . in short, what we ordinarily call individual sensations." Thus, all knowledge is based on and is merely representative of individual sensations, and all thought, all intellect, is of value only as subservient to peripheral or visceral sensation.

It was a favorite opinion of the pre-scientific sensationalists—Hobbes, Locke, and others—that abstraction and generalization were mere matters of convenience. Mach pushes this idea so far as to see no value in science except as an economy. "The end of science," he says, "is to *save* experiences, by the reproduction and anticipation of facts in thought." He does not make it quite clear why he should wish to save experiences, unless they are disagreeable, nor how he can save experiences except by slumbering. However, it is not our purpose to make objections, but only to outline Dr. Mach's opinion. It would seem that, all thought, memory, and higher feeling being held by the sensationalists as merely subservient to "individual sensations," if they could only be assured of a series of highly agreeable individual sensations for the rest of their lives, they should be content to forego all thought and all memory, and pass the time in an "Epicurus stye" of individual sensations.

In science, metaphysics may be useful in furnishing a system of pigeon-holes in which all possible facts may be conveniently arranged, but what the scientific inquirer chiefly asks of it is that it should efface itself, as the French say, and not block the road of experimental inquiry. But Dr. Mach's sensationalism appears upon most important points quite at odds with the conclusions of science, the nature of the difference being this, that the scientific men wish to leave questions to be settled by experiment, while Mach wishes to forestall this by deciding them by metaphysics.

For instance, the crowning doctrine of physics is that all the events in the physical universe are motions of matter. Heating and cooling, changes of color, sounds, electrification, all may have their physical qualities; but so far as they are extra-mental they are nothing but motions of particles in space. Many a metaphysician will offer to show you in advance that it must be so. The physicists at first propounded it as a question, and then went on to put that question to Nature in experiments. By this time they are pretty well satisfied that the answer is affirmative. But still they keep up their eternal teasing of the great mother, to see if the same answer will always be given. Mach, however, decides it is not so; his metaphysics has revealed that to him. He seems to deny the kinetic theory of gases, and regards the whole atomic theory as destined to be overthrown.

Again, Sir Isaac Newton formulated the three laws of motion which stand to-day in all the text-books. The first, due to Galileo, is that a body left to itself continues for ever to describe equal spaces in equal times on one straight line. The third, Newton's own achievement in great measure, the law of action and reaction, is that one body cannot be drawn back without other bodies on the same line being drawn forward to balance it. Now Newton, with his incomparable clearness of apprehension, saw that the third law implies that spatial displacement is not merely relative, and further that, this being granted, the first law implies that temporal duration is not merely relative. Hence, Newton drew the conclusion that there were such realities as Time and Space, and that they were something more than words expressive of relations between bodies and events. This was a scientific conclusion, based upon sound probable reasoning from established facts. It was fortified by Foucault's pendulum experiment, which showed that the earth has an absolute motion of rotation equal to its motion relative to the fixed stars. Moreover, Gauss and others were led to ask whether it be precisely true that he three angles of a triangle sum up to two right angles, and to say that observation alone can decide this question. Now, the mathematicians demonstrate that if that sum is not precisely two right angles, there is such a thing as an absolute velocity of translation. Whether there be or not is to the minds of scientific men a question for experiment and observation to decide. But Mach will not let it go so. His metaphysics tells him that there is no such thing as absolute space and time, and consequently no such thing as absolute motion. The laws of motion must be revised in such a way that they shall *not* predict that result of Foucault's experiment which they did successfully predict, and the non-Euclidean geometry must be put aside on metaphysical grounds. Is not this making fact bend to theory?

The English of this translation has received the emphatic approval of Prof. Mach himself.

VILLARI'S FLORENTINE HISTORY.

I primi due Secoli della Storia di Firenze: Ricerche di Pasquale Villari. Vol. I. Florence: G. C. Sansoni. 1893.

THE history of Italy has still to be written, even if we regard the peninsula, with Metternich, as simply a geographical expression. No history, moreover, is more difficult to write, for, in place of the development of a single nation under institutions fairly well known and intelligible, we have a congeries of States, each working out its own ideals under social organizations and impulses of the most diverse and often of the most transitory character, and all of them dominated on the one side by the Holy Roman Empire and on the other by the Holy See. To accomplish this clearly and creditably is a task to daunt the courage of the most enterprising scholar, for he must not only assemble his material from an enormous mass of printed documents and an equally voluminous series of papers as yet accessible only in the archives, but he must coördinate an infinite variety of petty details, he must trace effects to remote and obscure causes, and he must weigh the interaction of opposing influences more complicated than those which have operated on the moral, social, and political evolution of any other nation.

So far has any adventurous historian been from accomplishing this task as a whole, that Prof. Villari informs us in his introduction that it yet remains to be done for the individual communities which formed the aggregate of mediæval Italy. His own undertaking is more modest, and yet it is by no means an easy one, viz., to ascertain and set forth the origin and the vicissitudes for two centuries of the community which shared with Venice the glory of being the most remarkable of the Italian republics—the little State which, under the name of Florence, at no time numbering within its walls a population of over a hundred thousand souls, made its influence felt from farthest Thule to central Asia, which organized a commerce embracing the then known habitable globe, and used the resultant wealth in stimulating literature and the arts till it became the acknowledged leader and teacher of European culture. The external facts of Florentine history are fairly well known and accessible, though the critical student has often to dissociate them from the legends which have encrusted them; but to seek the causes and occasions of those facts and to trace the influences which raised the little Florentine commune to a position so commanding, to investigate the social and moral condition of its people, and to find the key to the changes in its political organization which succeeded each other with such phantasmagoric rapidity, is a labor worthy of the well-known learning and acumen of the author.

The questions involved are of more than mere local interest, for though we may not wholly agree with Prof. Villari, that to the commune is due the idea of free institutions and the structure of modern political organizations, there can be no doubt that the free cities of the early Middle Ages exercised no little influence in determining the form and direction in which society has developed itself; and no study, by so able a writer, of the process in so active and intelligent a population as that of Florence can be without instruction for the student of human institutions in other lands. Florence, in fact, affords a peculiarly interesting field for such an investigation, for during the formative period its municipal constitution was remarkably plastic. One experiment succeeded another with a rapidity almost bewildering, as the people advanced towards the conception of a democratic republic. Yet this republic was in reality only an aristocracy. Even as late as the year 1494, not long before its final downfall under the power of the Medici, full citizenship was accorded to only about three thousand men.

This aristocracy consisted of merchants and manufacturers. The gradually growing independence of the Tuscan cities had become virtually complete in the disorders following the

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death of the Countess Matilda in 1115, when the Empire was unable to vindicate its claims to feudal suzerainty and the Holy See was powerless to make good the testamentary provisions of the Countess, who had instituted the Church as her general legatee. One by one Florence dominated the feudal nobles in its neighborhood, and step by step it stripped them of influence within its walls. In the continual revisions of the Constitution which took place during the thirteenth century the seven *Arti Maggiori*, or principal mercantile guilds, gradually became the governing power. Long participation in the management of their own associations, as well as of public affairs, trained their members to be politicians and statesmen and diplomatists as well as merchants. The policy of the republic was wholly commercial —its wars and its negotiations, like those of England, were carried on almost exclusively with the object of opening new avenues of trade; and it is well worthy of consideration how great an influence Florence and Venice have exercised in the gradual subordination of the military to the industrial spirit, which is perhaps the most marked peculiarity of modern civilization.

In nothing was the shrewdness of the Florentine traders more strikingly manifested than in their regulations to maintain their commercial reputation. Under the statutes of the guilds every piece of merchandise was closely scrutinized by officials appointed for the purpose, and every defect in quality, weight, or measure was punished with heavy fines. The ticket of the guild placed on a bale of goods was a guarantee recognized and valued in every market. In the same spirit the weight and fineness of the florin were religiously maintained through every crisis, and while other States were suffering all the ills entailed by a debased coinage, the florin was everywhere recognized as a standard, giving to Florentine commerce an advantage which might be studied with profit by our own financial quacks.

Brilliant as were the achievements of this commercial aristocracy, the system carried within it the seeds of its own destruction. The *popolani grassi*, or plutocrats, were involved in an endless struggle, on the one hand to keep the nobles and the people in subjection, and on the other to deprive of all liberty the cities subdued by force of arms. so that the republic actually became weaker the more its territory became extended and its apparent power increased. A further source of decadence was developed in the decay of the manlier virtues, when war was no longer the rising of a people in arms led by their fellow-citizens, but was carried on by mercenaries hired for the occasion from military adventurers who had succeeded in assembling Free Companies. The discontent of the mass of the population, deprived of all share in the government, and oppressed with taxes to defray the cost of the continual wars necessitated by the commercial expansion of the ruling class, paved the way for the usurpation of the Medici, which was not so much the destruction of the liberties of a republic as a revolution which reduced all classes to equality under a prince.

All this is set forth by Prof. Villari with his wonted clearness and ability, and we shall look forward with interest to the promised completion of his work.

The Ghost World. By T. F. Thiselton Dyer. London: Ward & Downey; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1893. 16mo, pp. vi, 447.

The Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Fauns, and Fairies: A Study in Folk-Lore and Psychical Research. The Text by Robert Kirk, M.A., Minister of Aberfoyle, A. D. 1691. The Comment by Andrew Lang, M.A., A. D. 1893. London: Published by David Nutt. 1893. Crown 8vo, pp. lxiv, 92. (Bibliothèque de Carabas, Vol. VIII.)

HORACE, in the most charming of his Epistles, makes true wisdom consist in shunning not only avarice, but also all other distracting fears and passions, and asks the reader—

> "Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
> Nocturnos lemures portentaque Thessala rides?"

He would be greatly amazed, could he return to our modern life, to see how large a part these things still play. Our present interest in them, it is true, is largely antiquarian and scientific; still, that would not account for the widespread concern in manifestations of the spiritual world which makes a market for books like Mr. Dyer's. It is not necessary to seek for a survival of superstitious beliefs and observances among savage tribes. Enough yet remains in the most cultivated and enlightened circles of civilized society to prove the enormous tenacity of beliefs which our ancestors entertained for untold ages. Mr. Leland's 'Etruscan Roman Remains in Popular Tradition,' recently reviewed in this journal, shows how a great mass of classical Roman, and even ante-Roman, superstitions are found among the peasants of Italy, and Mr. Crawford, in his last delightful novel, 'Pietro Ghisleri,' gives a striking example of the survival of the belief in the *jettatura*, or "evil eye," among the cultivated Romans of the present day.

It is this universal, unscientific interest which leads us to draw our chairs closer about the fire on a winter's night and unconsciously fall to telling ghost stories, some of them taken from our own experience, or that of our intimate friends. For such occasions Mr. Dyer has furnished a convenient compend of the subject, arranged under suitable headings, and dealing with every phase of the "Ghost World," from the soul's exit at death to checks and spells against its further wanderings. The author is a practised hand at such collections, and the present volume is but one of a long series on 'English Folk-Lore,' 'British Popular Customs,' 'Domestic Folk-Lore,' 'Church Lore Gleanings,' 'Folk-Lore of Plants,' and 'Folk-Lore of Shakespeare.' These works are all made with care and taste and will be found agreeable reading. The present volume is no exception, and as it makes no claim to be an original contribution to the subject, it does not need any lengthy criticism. The author has adopted the modern method of comparative study, and draws upon the ghost stories of savages, using freely our own aboriginal lore as given in Dorman's 'The Origin of Primitive Superstitions,' etc., and the two remarkable articles in the *Nineteenth Century*, vol. xvii., by A. Lang, "Comparative Study of Ghost Stories," and in the *Contemporary Review*, vol. xlviii., by J. G. Frazer, "The Primitive Ghost." A remarkable proof of the universality of Shakspere is to be found in his frequent references to almost every phase of the present subject, and Mr. Dyer has aptly quoted him on many occasions.

A more curious work is that of the Rev. Robert Kirk, reprinted by Mr. Lang in the "Bibliothèque de Carabas." The author was a minister at Aberfoyle in Scotland, the youngest and *seventh* son of a minister of the same place. Little is known of his life; he was of scholarly tastes, publishing a Psalter in Gaelic and being engaged on an Irish translation of the Bible. He was twice married and had two sons. His end was a singular one, in view of the book we shall presently mention. Sir Walter Scott says ('Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft,' second edition, London, 1831, p. 160):

"Although the learned divine's monument, with his name duly inscribed, is to be seen at the east end of the churchyard at Aberfoyle, yet those acquainted with his real history do not believe that he enjoys the natural repose of the tomb. His successor, the Rev. Dr. Grahame, has informed us of the general belief, that as Mr. Kirke was walking one evening in his night-gown upon a *Dun-shi*, or fairy mount, in the vicinity of the manse or parsonage, behold! he sunk down in what seemed to be a fit of apoplexy, which the unenlightened took for death, while the more understanding knew it to be a swoon produced by the supernatural influence of the people whose precincts he had violated. After the ceremony of a seeming funeral, the form of the Rev. Robert Kirke appeared to a relation, and commanded him to go to Grahame of Duchray, ancestor of the present Gen. Graham Stirling. 'Say to Duchray, who is my cousin, as well as your own, that I am not dead, but a captive in Fairy Land; and only one chance remains for my liberation. When the posthumous child, of which my wife has been delivered since my disappearance, shall be brought to baptism, I will appear in the room, when, if Duchray shall throw over my head the knife or dirk which he holds in his hand, I may be restored to society; but if this opportunity is neglected, I am lost for ever.' Duchray was apprised of what was to be done. The ceremony took place, and the apparition of Mr. Kirke was visibly seen while they were seated at table; but Grahame of Duchray, in his astonishment, failed to perform the ceremony enjoined, and it is to be feared that Mr. Kirke still 'drees his weird in Fairy Land.'"

Mr. Kirk's little book was written in 1691 and was probably not printed until 1815, when an edition of only one hundred copies appeared at Edinburgh from the press of James Ballantyne & Company for Longman & Company of London. The title-page to the presumed reprint (the printers say, "One hundred copies only reprinted") bears the date of 1691, but the title-page with that date was probably only the title-page of a manuscript; at least no copy of an edition of 1691 has yet been found in any of the great libraries of England or at Abbotsford, although Sir Walter Scott mentions it, and would probably have had it if it existed. The edition of 1815 is rare, but at least one copy is in this country, in the Andrew D. White collection on witchcraft in the Cornell University Library. It is a quarto of pp. vi, 97, of which pp. 47-97 are occupied, under the title of "Appendix," with "Extracts from a Treatise on the Second Sight, Dreams, Apparitions, etc. By Theophilus Insulanus. Edin., 1763, 8vo" This appendix is omitted in Mr. Lang's reprint.

Mr. Kirk's book is the most curious imaginable. Written in 1691 by a Scotch divine, it is nothing less than a calm assumption of the existence at that time of a commonwealth of elves, fauns, and fairies, whose government, habits, etc., are minutely described upon the authority of "Men of Second Sight" (it is not clear whether the author himself was one of these by virtue of his being a seventh son), the method of obtaining which gift is also carefully explained. These fairies are of a middle nature betwixt man and angel; they inhabit subterranean abodes, which they change at each quarter of the year. "They are distributed in tribes and orders, and have children, nurses, marriages, deaths, and burials; their apparel and speech is like that of the people and country under which they live; they are said to have aristocratical rulers and laws, but no discernible religion, love, or devotion to-

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wards God," "their weapons are most what solid earthly bodies, nothing of iron, but much of stone, like to yellow soft flint spa, shaped liked a barbed arrow-head, but flung like a dart, with great force." The moral character of these "subterraneans" is minutely described on p. 25, and the conclusion is, "But for swearing and intemperance, they are not observed so subject to those irregularities, as to envy, spite, hypocrisy, lying, and dissimulation."

The author adds to the evidence given by his friends, etc., a letter from Lord Tarbott to the Hon. Robert Boyle, in which many additional instances of second sight are narrated. The remainder of the little work is taken up with a discussion of various questions relating to second sight and the objects upon which it is exercised, as, for instance, that it is not unsuitable to reason nor the Holy Scriptures; the difference between second sight and compact and witchcraft; the effect of acquiring second sight upon the acquirer's body, mind, or actions; whether the "subterraneans" are subject to vice, lust, passion, and injustice as we who live on the surface of the earth; how they are generated; and finally, as to the interposition of Satan.

Such is the curious little work which Mr. Lang has undertaken to edit, and to which he has prefixed an introduction of great interest and value. A few years ago Mr. David MacRitchie ('The Testimony of Tradition,' London, 1890) advanced the theory that the British Isles were once occupied by a race of dwarfs dwelling in artificial caves which still survive. The race yet lives in popular memory as fairies, and their former abodes are known as "fairy hills." Mr. Lang (as had already been done) shows the untenability of this theory, partly by historical proofs, and partly by arguments drawn from comparative folk-lore. Mr. Lang's own conclusion is given on p. lxv: "As to the fairy belief, we conceive it to be a complex matter, from which tradition, with its memory of earth-dwellers, is not wholly absent, while more is due to a survival of the pre-Christian Hades, and to the belief in local spirits." A still more interesting topic involved in Mr. Kirk's work is the origin of the belief in second sight and the phenomena (house-haunting, etc.) attributed to fairies. A large number of cases, old and new (the list is far from exhaustive), are examined without any satisfactory conclusion. As to second sight and telepathy, Mr. Lang thinks that they may owe their origin to events of an ordinary kind, illusions, cases of mistaken identity, or hallucination; but there are many instances of veridical second sight which cannot be explained in this way, and we must await further researches on the part of psychologists.

The volume, like all of the series, is beautifully printed, and is adorned with a frontispiece by Lockhart Bogle, representing a fairy appearing to a Highlander by moonlight. Mr. Lang also contributes a poetical dedication to Robert L. Stevenson, and a charming poem to the memory of Mr. Kirk (the inscription on whose tombstone, we learn from another source, has been renewed by the piety of his latest editor).

L'Art du Rire et de la Caricature. Par Arsène Alexandre. Paris: Quantin (Librairies-Imprimeries Réunies.)

BECAUSE of the great difficulty of the task, Champfleury (we have his word for it) undertook the history of caricature in antiquity. To record the development of the art throughout the ages would mean labor far more arduous and prolonged; for this reason, probably, M. Arsène Alexandre was wise to evade it. Than such a record nothing would be more interesting. "Tell me what a man laughs at and I will tell you what that man is," has passed into a truism no less applicable to men taken collectively. In the jests and gibes of a nation is reflected the national character. The real history of caricature must prove as well the history of civilization. So extended a scheme, however, comes not within the scope of M. Alexandre's work, as he himself is the first to admit. There is no question with him, he says at the very outset, of compiling a learned chronicle: that would be scarce amusing enough (and here he may be right), nor could much be learned from it if he did (and here we find him wholly wrong). But if he gayly disclaims all pretensions to method, if he declares that, so far as he is concerned, dates may take care of themselves, it is not for us to criticise him when he leaves undone those things which he never proposed to do. We may believe it foolish not to relate facts essentially appropriate, if not indispensable, simply because they have been related before and elsewhere. We may hold it impossible to avoid politics when writing on caricature. In a word, we may not accept his attitude on the subject—indeed, we may think it one sadly to be deplored. But we must recognize it honestly if we would form a fair estimate of his book.

As a series of light articles, his chapters make very pleasant reading. They might have served as delightful *feuilletons* in any one of the Paris papers, and, for all we know, many of them may have appeared first in that form. M. Alexandre has an easy style—"chatty," the "new journalist" would call it. Moreover, despite his modest ambitions, he has evidently studied the caricature of many lands and many phases, and he succeeds in impressing the reader with his sympathetic knowledge and keen appreciations. The fact is, it is because he knows so much that one wishes he had been willing to learn—or think—a little more. While, nominally, he disdains method, practically he is not altogether superior to it. He begins at the beginning—with the broad, serene, primitive laughter of the builders of the Pyramids, the creators of the Sphinx. He traces the progress of caricature and its countless changes in the art of Greeks and Romans—ever graceful, for all its grotesqueness, with the former; too often verging to vulgarity with the latter. He follows it still further, until it develops into the grim humor and awful gayety of mediævalism, when men could laugh loudest at death and the devil and the very horrors they dreaded most. And so he continues to mark its progress through century after century, in country after country, down to the Forains and Schlittgens and Du Mauriers who are now the joy of readers of *Le Courrier Français*, *Fliegende Blätter*, and *Punch*. He even interrupts the smooth flow of his gossip to point out the influence of time and race on its manifestations—to explain that the caricature which was fantastic in the Middle Ages became theological with the Reformation, bloody with the Revolution; that the laughter which was brutal with the English Hogarth was terrible with the Spanish Goya, tragic with the French Daumier. He records also the appearance of the first type of genuine vitality in the illustrated press—Mounier's Prudhomme, the great figure of Philipon's *Caricature*, the first paper devoted to the art which gave it its name. But he touches upon these matters all too lightly; he may recognize their "profound philosophy," but he is content to note his recognition and pass on. Take the last-mentioned alone, for example. What could be more important and significant in the history of caricature than the transference of popular types from the stage to the newspapers—the conversion of Maccus and Pappus, of the characters of the "Commedia dell' Arte," into the *Robert Macaire* of Daumier, the *Beisele* and *Eisele* of German fame, the *Ally Sloper* and *British Workman* of British origin? But upon this he dwells not; no hint does he offer of the strange modern transformation scene, as it were. The fact is, throughout, prominence is given according to, not the importance of subject, or type, or development, but the strength of the author's own preferences.

This is most conspicuous when he comes to contemporary caricature. He is complete and exhaustive enough in dealing with French caricaturists, though friendship and personal prejudice no doubt influenced him not a little in his unstinted praise of Willette and Forain. But the caricature of foreign lands he has understood not so well, and therefore has cared for less: as a consequence, it is presented with a superficial treatment that is appalling, or with mistakes that amuse. To class Walter Crane's illustrations for fairy tales with the work of English caricaturists is a blunder not unworthy of a Frenchman. But his nationality is scarce an excuse when M. Alexandre records the death of Mr. Du Maurier in 1892! Grant that in the effort to adapt *Punch* to the British Matron, the vigor of English caricature has suffered, this is no reason why Charles Keene should be dismissed with a word and without a single example of his work, while pages are devoted to Randolph Caldecott. Caricature in Germany fares little better; in America it is disposed of in a couple of short paragraphs. M. Alexandre's arguments to hide what we fear is his own ignorance are not convincing; in *Judge* and *Puck* he has discovered too little art and too much politics. But these, if we mistake not, have been the chief characteristics of caricature in all time.

To realize that inartistic rendering is neither a new thing nor the special product of America, we have but to look at the illustrations. To publish them, the text most probably was a mere excuse. And yet, like the text, they show that M. Alexandre, if interested in his subject, has brought to its presentment no individuality of observation, no freshness of selection. He has collected together but the old stock examples, as inevitable in a book about caricature as are the early playing-cards and the St. Christopher in a treatise on engraving. In the last chapters, dealing with contemporary work, of course he has been able to reproduce drawings less hackneyed, and here his apparently intimate relations with Willette and Forain have stood him in good stead. But, for the rest, he has kept to the beaten track. In the whole collection, perhaps nothing is so striking as the lack of artistic distinction. Invention, humor, fantasy, originality, gayety, audacity, vigor, fearlessness—these are qualities found in almost every illustration. But artistic ability is seldom to the fore. It seems as if, in the effort to make his meaning clear, the artist had been compelled to sacrifice its artistic expression. There could be no better instance of the disastrous effect of the literary element when it prevails in art.

It is well worth noting, however, that in this respect the modern are somewhat in advance of the earlier caricaturists. There are exceptions, necessarily: the old men who recorded their jests on the stones of the parish church or the

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stalls of the monastic choir, were not often entirely preoccupied with the story they had to tell. We are not sure that Holbein's Dance of Death should be included in such a series; but if it should, then it also we must except from the general rule. But few will dispute that in the work of Breughel and Callot, or again of Hogarth, Gillray, and Rowlandson, to whom M. Alexandre lends preëminence, the literary far outbalances the artistic interest. Goya was too great as an artist to be supreme as a caricaturist. Daumier's concessions to caricature interfered sorely with his art. We cannot re-echo the verdict of Baudelaire that he was one of the most important men, not only in caricature but in modern art. Only now and then (as in the drawing published by M. Alexandre, where Liberty, most dramatically conceived and executed, appears in the doorway at the last council of the ex-ministers) are we reminded of the really fine artist who was lost in the clever caricaturist. And so one might go on through the list. To-day, however, we see men like Charles Keene in England (for the present purpose he must still be counted among contemporary illustrators), Schlittgen and Reinecke in Germany, Willette, and Caran D'Ache, and Forain (at their best, be it understood: success threatens to make them careless), who are no less concerned with the manner in which they render their tale or jest than with its meaning; who, in order to raise a laugh, never find it imperative to forego all beauty of line and composition. Something of healthy vitality may have departed from modern work, but it has gained in artistic force and expression.

Thomas Jefferson. By James Schouler, LL.D., author of 'History of the United States under the Constitution.' New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1893. ["Makers of America" Series.]

In treating of Jefferson as a "maker of America" it is not easy to draw the line between biography and history, and it certainly is not easy to write anything new which shall be true. But the history of great events with the biography of great characters is said to call for periodical reconstruction, according as the angle of human vision changes from age to age, and in this sense it was entirely proper that Dr. Schouler should essay rightly to divide the word of truth under both of these heads for the present generation. And he is well equipped for his task, alike by his historic studies and by sympathy for his subject, when Jefferson is regarded in the deeper relations which he bore to the politics of his time. Viewing American history in its more immediate connection with the personage whose life and labors are here passed under review, he finds in Jefferson, "stem-winding, as it were, in his mechanism," one of those spontaneous and creative natures which required "no extraneous key to set and keep him going." Dr. Schouler sees clearly that all the intuitions of Jefferson, whether they are to be characterized for his justification or for his condemnation, were presageful of the nineteenth century, with its liberalism in politics and its liberality in religion.

It may be said that the political *Aufklärung* of this century came to its first distinct expression in the American Revolution, of which Jefferson was the literary interpreter in the Declaration of Independence. It came to its second portentous expression in the French Revolution, of which Jefferson was a close observer, and in the beneficence of which he continued to believe despite all the excesses with which it was accompanied. He felt by the instincts of a natural sympathy what the student of history now perceives by cold analysis, that these two great epoch-making events were part and parcel of a great common movement for the emancipation of man from the thraldom of tyranny and superstition. As early as 1753 we find the Earl of Chesterfield writing that "all the symptoms which he had ever met with in history, previous to great changes and revolutions in government, were then existing and daily increasing in France," but he had no sympathy with the deep motive of this political unrest, and no comprehension of its significant place in the world-wide evolution of political thought and aspiration.

It must be admitted to the praise of Jefferson's sagacity as a political philosopher, that he seems to have attained "to something of prophetic strain" in the presence of this century's democratizing tendency long before that tendency had come to a fixed effect and had registered itself in our social institutes and political enactments. Indeed, one of Jefferson's biographers is bold to say that "if Jefferson was wrong, America is wrong"—so completely was the spirit of America foreshadowed in his perceptions. In the evolution of politics, the Past, to use the well-worn figure made so familiar by Goethe, is perpetually weaving itself with the Future in the loom of the Present, or, as Freeman has phrased it, in plain pedestrian prose, "History is past politics and politics present history"—that is, history getting itself made. The ordinary reader of history towards the close of the last century (who as an "ordinary" reader cannot be presumed to have been gifted with that prescience which is skilled to descry coming events in the shadows they cast before them) may well be pardoned if, before the American and the French Revolutions and for long years afterward, it should have seemed to him that what we call to-day the "historic forces," or the philosophy which teaches by example, were to be sought in alliance with the party of Alexander Hamilton rather than with the party of Jefferson. Prof. William G. Sumner, we remember, in his sketch of Hamilton considered as a "maker of America," attempted to find a providential mission for that constructive and at the same time reactionary statesman in the necessity that was at first laid on the country to retrieve itself from the popular license and military incivism incident to a revolutionary period. This necessity, however, was one which soon spent its force under the settled government of the Federal Constitution, and it was mainly because the Federalist party sought to pass off this necessity for more than it was worth in the domain of politics that the party itself was soon discharged of its reason for being. The Federalists could not understand their epoch because they never understood the new political era in which they were living. Jefferson understood his epoch because he not only understood the new political era, but helped to make it and was made by it.

Perhaps we cannot better measure the break which the Virginian statesman made with the conservative thought and the received political traditions of his time than by dropping our plummets here and there for deep-sea soundings in the well-nigh fathomless denunciation with which grave divines like Dr. Timothy Dwight, and flippant pamphleteers like Stephen Cullen Carpenter with his two-volume diatribe, once thought proper to pursue the "Apostle of Democracy." Perhaps, too, we cannot better measure the historic repute in which Jefferson is popularly held to-day than by gauging the depth at which we must dredge for this vituperation now that it has been sedimented at the bottom of what was once the Gulf Stream of American politics, after having been held for long years in such active solution by the cross-currents of a conflicting public opinion.

But if so much should be said in simple justice to the historic place which Jefferson holds as a creative force in American life, it becomes only the clearer from the perspective in which we can now survey his influence, that he had, as indeed must be the case with all agitators and reformers, the defects of his qualities. Dr. Schouler is not blind to Jefferson's faults of character, and, after designating some of them, he expresses the opinion that the Virginian philosopher, in consequence of his residence and experiences in France, grew at length more French than English in his political methods and temperament as well as in his viands and cookery. As during the whole of Jefferson's career the main distinctions in our domestic politics turned on questions of "Anglican" or "Gallican" predilections, and as Jefferson adhered unswervingly to the latter, it would indeed be strange if his fine political hand had not taken the color of the dye he worked in.

Dr. Schouler writes, as we have said, with an avowed sympathy for his subject. A careful consideration of certain facts cited by Prof. J. M. Merriam in a paper read before the American Historical Association, an abstract of which may be found in its reported Transactions (vol. ii., p. 47), would have perhaps moderated somewhat the praise bestowed on Jefferson for the reserve with which he is supposed to have exercised the power of removal on his accession to the Presidency. We could wish that Dr. Schouler, in vindicating the "originality" of the Declaration of Independence against certain loose asseverations of John Adams, had specified the probable sources from which Jefferson drew the counts of his indictment against the King. Those counts were doubtless floating in the air at that time, as indeed we know from other papers, preserved in 'Almon's Remembrancer' or 'Force's Archives,' in which similar specifications are to be found anterior to the Declaration.

Joan of Arc. By Lord Ronald Gower. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

The leading motive of the noble author in making this latest contribution to the literature of the Maid appears to have been piety to the memory of his mother, who had, he says, a *culte* for the heroine. Judged by such a standard of intention, the book may fairly be called a success. The splendor of its outward appearance, the warmth of admiration expressed for the subject, and the evidence of careful reading of the material used, are enough to satisfy the most exacting worshipper. Other excuse for being the book has none. It is a very slight affair—nothing more, indeed, than a rambling summary of the materials published by Quicherat, whom Lord Ronald calls "Director of the Institute of the Charters," and filtered through the biographies of Wallon and Fabre. It is written in the apologetic-cynical tone, with abundant praise of all who believed in the heroine and plentiful abuse of all who opposed her. The whole psychological side of the question—after all, the most interesting—is untouched, and the proper relation of the dealings with Joan on the part of friends and foes alike to the contemporary view of the supernatural is not made clear. Very pretty illus-

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trations of the various places connected with the Maid's brief career do not add to the usefulness of the work. A fair bibliography of French and English works is not without value.

Gun and Camera in Southern Africa. By H. A. Bryden. Illustrations and map. London: E. Stanford. 1893. Pp. xiv, 544. 8vo.

THIS title hardly does justice to an unusually attractive book. It is far more than a mere hunter's record of game killed, though some of the adventures told recall those of Gordon-Cumming. The first part, in addition to the main incidents of life on a station in Bechuanaland, contains a clear and sober account of the present condition and prospects of this part of British South Africa. These are distinctly encouraging. Not only is the available land being rapidly taken up for ranches, mostly by syndicates, but the natives, also, are increasing in numbers and wealth, the wagon-transport service being now largely in their hands. "The main arbiter of life and death" to the Bechuana, however, is the drink-traffic, which has ruined the Hottentot and Cape Kaffir, but is up to this time prohibited in the Protectorate. If, as there is some reason to fear will be the case, "Bechuanaland is handed over to the uncontrolled mercies of the Cape Colony, and the old Dutch wine-farming, brandy-selling party (and it is a strong—almost a supreme—party in the Cape Parliament) is suffered to work its will, the country will be flooded with vile cheap liquor and the natives ruined irredeemably."

In a hunting trip to the northward the author passed through the territory of Khama, the most enlightened native whom South Africa has produced. He more than confirms what other travellers have reported of this remarkable chief. Here is the account of Khama's ordinary day's occupations: "From earliest dawn he is up and riding about, here directing native labor in the cornfields outside the town, there selling grain and oxen to the passing expedition, helping the hunter, traveller, and explorer in every possible way, administering justice in his 'kotla,' holding prayers for a short space in the afternoon for such as like to attend, buying and inspecting ploughs and other implements for his people, or seeing that they are fairly dealt by in their negotiations with the up-country traders." That his people are not unworthy their ruler the following incident shows:

"I saw in the compound of the Bechuana Trading Association 300 American ploughs ready for sale. After Khama had chosen the two or three required for his own use, his tribesmen were allowed to buy, and in one day the whole stock was bought, paid for, and taken away. Not bad business this when it is remembered that each plough sold for the price of £5 cash, or the up-country equivalent of a good ox."

The chief gave Mr. Bryden permission to shoot in his country, for, in addition to his other claims to respect, he preserves the large game which still roams, though in greatly diminished numbers, in the plains to the south of the Zambesi; and the second part of the book is devoted to an account of this trip, which was taken in wagons through the Kalahari desert nearly to the shores of Lake Ngami. While part of this region is absolutely waterless, a considerable part of the so-called desert is "one of the finest natural ranching countries in the world." Here our author had an opportunity of shooting giraffe, which still are to be found in the "thirstland" in troops numbering several score. There is apparently no immediate danger of the extinction of this interesting animal, especially if the British officials see that the existing game laws are observed. The natives hunt the giraffe for his hide, which sometimes attains the extraordinary thickness of an inch and a half, and is used by them for sandals and whips.

Interspersed with Mr. Bryden's very entertaining account of his sport are many valuable notes on the fauna of the country, the birds being described with unusual care and fulness of detail. There are also chapters on the giraffe, the game birds of the hunting-grounds, and the present distribution of large game in South Africa. The closing chapter contains some useful directions and suggestions for wagon travelling. The numerous illustrations, from photographs mostly taken by the author, are especially interesting and well-chosen. An admirable index and useful map add still further to the value of Mr. Bryden's very entertaining and instructive book.

A Short History of Ireland, from the Earliest Times to 1608. By P. W. Joyce, LL.D. Longmans, Green & Co. 1893. vii, 565 pp.

STRANGE to say, one of the periods of Ireland's deepest suffering and degradation (that of the famine and exodus of 1846 to 1852) was a golden season in her literary history. The Ordnance Survey, instituted twenty years previously under Colby and Drummond, had brought forward Irish scholars like O'Curry and O'Donovan. The translation of the 'Annals of the Four Masters' was undertaken. The publications of the Archæological and Celtic Societies began to appear. Petrie cleared up the mystery in which the ignorance of previous antiquarians had involved the history of the round towers. The writings of Davis and the young Irelanders threw a patriotic glow over graver studies. Zeuss's 'Grammatica Celtica' lent a deeper and wider interest to the study of the Irish language and everything relating to the history and traditions of the country. It was for the first time fully realized what a unique place was held by Ireland in the European family of nations, as one where an old civilization had existed untouched by contact with Roman rule; one where the Celtic language and Celtic laws and a pastoral arrangement of society had been conserved down to the end of the sixteenth century. No man has done more than Dr. Joyce to render available for the ordinary reader the cream of the labors of such scholars. His 'Names of Irish Places,' his 'Celtic Romances,' have added enduring charm and interest to every hill and valley in Ireland. He has proved himself somewhat of an Admirable Crichton in the domain of Irish literature. Besides the books above named he has given us a scholarly introduction to Irish grammar, he has taken down and published ancient music that might otherwise have been lost, he has written on 'School Management' and on the 'Care and Use of Handicraft Tools,' and he has now ventured upon the troubled waters of Irish history.

The volume before us consists of two portions. We have a popular account of the language, manners, customs, and institutions of the ancient Irish. We have also a history of the island down to 1608. The first appears to us most to justify the care bestowed upon the work. It fills a long acknowledged want. We are not aware of any other source to which the ordinary reader could turn for reliable collected information within a reasonable compass concerning the subjects treated. The author's succinct exposition of the principal features of the Breton Institutes is peculiarly happy. The laws and customs comprised within the Breton Code came down from the remotest antiquity. They held sway over the minds and feelings of the greater portion of the inhabitants of Ireland until three hundred years ago. The change from them to English law was a complete wrench. The two systems did not fade one into the other. Whether for good or ill, the influence of the native system is still traceable in the character and thoughts of the people. Much which in late ages has been considered lawless in the inhabitants of Ireland was in truth, perhaps unconsciously in many instances, an adherence to the old principles ground into the race by immemorial usage. The most important portions of this code annotated by ancient jurists have, within late years, under the supervision of competent scholars, been published by the Government.

In the historical portion of Mr. Joyce's book are ably and clearly brought out the initial mistakes made in the "settlement" and government of the country, which have since led to such deplorable consequences. The Anglo-Norman policy of the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries—that of regarding the mass of the Irish people as necessarily the "King's enemies"—is still, in the estimate of a powerful British party, the only true policy to be applied in the government of the country. Yet, upon the whole, the historical portions of this book disappoint us. They are honestly, conscientiously, and reliably done; but there is a certain stiffness, a certain want of breadth of view, especially in the chapters relating to the original inhabitants of the island and the introduction of Christianity. We miss the broad scholarship, the grasp and fervor of a Green. We are promised a further volume, carrying down the history of the country to the present day. The historical portion will then run to considerably more than twice the length of Mr. Walpole's 'Short History.'

Dr. Joyce has brought to his task a lore and an acquaintance with details of the history of his country which Mr. Walpole could not lay claim to. But, after the closest examination we have been able to give to the book before us, we are obliged to confess that the work of the latter writer still holds its place as the most satisfactory popular history of Ireland, whereas Dr. Joyce's early chapters, respecting the manners and customs, cannot, as we have already stated, be elsewhere matched.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

All But One. Raphael Tuck & Sons. $1.
Bacon, Alice M. A Japanese Interior. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 25.
Ball, J. D. Things Chinese. 2d ed., revised and enlarged. Scribners. $3.
Barlow, Jane. Irish Idylls. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Bezobrazow, Olga de. Poussière d'Étoiles. 2 vols. Paris: Albert Savine; New York: Christern.
Bigelow, M. M. Elements of the Law of Bills, Notes and Cheques. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Brooks, Rev. Phillips. Sermons. Sixth Series. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.75.
Carus, Paul. The Religion of Science. Chicago: *Open Court* Publishing Co. 25 cents.
Cobbett, G. T. B., and Jenkin, A. F. Indian Clubs. Macmillan. 50 cents.
Collar, W. C. Eysenbach's Practical German Grammar. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.10.
De l'Unité des Religions. Paris: Chamuel; New York: Christern.
Dering, R. G. Dr. Mirabel's Theory. Harpers. 50 cents.
Dobson, Austin. Horace Walpole: A Memoir. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Dumas, Alexander. Andree de Taverney. M. J. Ivers & Co. 25 cents.
Esquemeling, John. The Buccaneers of America. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Scribners. $5.
Fielding, Henry. Tom Jones. 4 vols. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $4.
Foreman, John. The Philippine Islands. Scribners. $5.
Fulton, Prof. R. I., and Trueblood, Prof. T. C. Practical Elements of Elocution. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.50.
Hassan, Vita. Die Wahrheit über Emin Pascha. Part II. Berlin: Dietrich Reimer.

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Jackson, B. D. Index Kewensis Plantarum Phanerogamarum. Fasciculus I. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Jackson, G. A. The Son of a Prophet. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Leighton, Robert. The Wreck of the Golden Fleece. London: Blackie & Son; New York: Scribners. $1.50.
Lœwinson-Lessing, Prof. F. Tables for the Determination of the Rock-Forming Minerals. Macmillan. $1.25.
Lorentz, A. M. Pleasure and Progress. *Truth Seeker* Co. 50 cents.
Malleson, Col. G. B. Lord Clive. [Rulers of India.] Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. 60 cents.
Marcotte, Charles. Governments and Politicians, Ancient and Modern. Chicago: The Author. $2.
Martin, E. S. Windfalls of Observation. Scribners. $1.25.
Merriam, G. S. Noah Porter: A Memorial by Friends. Scribners. $2.
Merry, Rev. W. W. The Wasps of Aristophanes. Part I. Introduction and Text. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Montague, Prof. W. L. Modern Italian Readings. Boston: Schoenhof.
Müller, Prof. F. M. Three Lectures on the Science of Thought. Chicago: *Open Court* Publishing Co, 25 cents.
Palmer, Lynde. A Question of Honor. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Peeps into Pictureland. Raphael Tuck & Sons. 75 cents.
Preece, W. H., and Stubbs, A. J. A Manual of Telephony. London: Whittaker & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $4.50.
Ray, Anna C. Margaret Davis, Tutor. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25.
Repplier, Agnes. Essays in Idleness. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Roads, Rev. Charles. Little Children in the Church of Christ. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. $1.
Romanes, G. J. An Examination of Weismannism. Chicago: *Open Court* Publishing Co. $1.
Saint-Amand, Imbert de. The Court of Louis XIV. Scribners. $1.25.
Sand, George. Episodes from François le Champi. Longmans, Green & Co. 40 cents.
Sanford, H. R. The Limited Speller. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. 35 cents.
Sangster, Mrs. Margaret E. On the Road Home: Poems. Harpers. $1.25.
Scott, Sir Walter. Kenilworth. [Dryburgh Edition.] Macmillan. $1.25.
Smith, A. W. Thalassa, and Other Poems. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.
Smith, Goldwin, Bay Leaves: Translations from the Latin Poets. Macmillan. $1.25.
Spelling, T. C. A Treatise on Extraordinary Relief in Equity and at Law. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $11.
Spofford, Mrs. O. M. A Norse Romance. Putnams.
Sprague, H. H. A Brief History of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.
Stallo, J. B. Reden, Abhandlungen und Briefe. E. Steiger & Co.
Stables, Gordon. Westward with Columbus. London: Blackie & Son; New York: Scribners. $1.50.
Stephens, Thomas. Madoc: An Essay on the Discovery of America by Madoc ap Owen Gwynedd. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.
Sunny Tales for Snowy Days. Raphael Tuck & Sons. $1.50.
The Economizer: How and Where to Find the Gems of the Fair. Rand, McNally & Co, 25 cents.
The Imitation of Christ. New ed. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $2.
The King and the Kingdom: A Study of the Four Gospels. 3 vols. London: Williams & Norgate: New York: Putnams.
Tinseau, Leon de. In Norway. Brentanos. 25 cents.
Todhunter, Isaac, and Pearson, Karl. A History of the Theory of Elasticity and of the Strength of Materials. Vol. II., Parts I. and II. Cambridge: University Press; New York: Macmillan. $7.50.
Told by the Sunbeams and Me. Raphael Tuck & Sons. $2.
Trebutien, G. S. Journal of Eugénie de Guérin. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Vanamee, Lida O. An Adirondack Idyl. C. T. Dillingham & Co. 75 cents.
Wheatley, Louise K. Ashes of Roses. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Ziwet, Prof. Alexander. An Elementary Treatise on Theoretical Mechanics. Part I. Kinematics. Macmillan. $2.25.

OCTOBER
EDUCATIONAL REVIEW.

ARTICLES—Mental Defect and Disorder from the Teacher's Point of View, Josiah Royce; Different Methods of Admission to College, Lucy M. Salmon; Grammar School Physics, Edwin H. Hall; Recent School Legislation in the United States, William B. Shaw; A Foreigner's Impressions of the Chicago Educational Congresses, Gabriel Compayré; Educational Exhibits at the Columbian Exposition, Richard Waterman, Jr.
EDUCATION IN FOREIGN PERIODICALS—The Teaching of English Literature in Schools, J. Wells.
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